EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

THE Nation

October 29, 1955 / 20c

# ADVERTISERS ANONYMOUS

*by Kenneth Rexroth*

## Perfect Circle: Back to Bayonets

*by Walter Fall*

## Lords vs. Commons at Margate

*by Michael Foot*

The Charles C. Sherrod Library NOV 2 1955
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
Johnson City, Tennessee

In This Issue:

EDITORIALS
353 • Nationalism-Colonialism: The New Challenge (II) by EDGAR SNOW
355 • The Shape of Things
ARTICLES
356 • Perfect Circle by WALTER FALL
359 • Advertisers Anonymous by KENNETH REXROTH
360 • Biological Warfare by EDGAR KEMLER
361 • Coexistence at Work by KONNI ZILLIACUS
363 • Lords vs. Commons by MICHAEL FOOT
BOOKS
365 • Happy Hunting Grounds by CARLOS BAKER
366 • The Leisured Masses by JOSEPH DORFMAN
366 • Site (a poem) by EDWARD GRIMM
367 • Triple Tom by JESSAMYN WEST
368 • Selected New Books / Oriental Miscellany by O. EDMUND CLUBB
Art by S. LANE FAISON, JR.
369 • FILMS by ROBERT HATCH
370 • THEATER by HAROLD CLURMAN
371 • RECORDS by B. H. HAGGIN
372 • LETTERS
opposite
372 • CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 642 by FRANK W. LEWIS
opposite
353 • AROUND THE U.S.A. by MARTIN HALL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## The Cold War Dies Hard

*Los Angeles*

THE COLD WAR is dying hard, even at home. The University of Southern California in Los Angeles, third largest privately endowed university in the country, has given another sad proof of this fact. Andreis Deinum, a former movie producer and an internationally known authority on the cinema, was fired from the university faculty by President Fred D. Fagg, Jr., on June 27, a few hours after he had testified before a House Un-American Activities subcommittee here. Deinum was an instructor in the university's cinema department. Only a few weeks before his abrupt dismissal, his promotion to an assistant professorship had been approved.

Who is Deinum and what was his crime? He is a Dutch-born naturalized American. In the opinion of his colleagues and his students, he has done an outstanding job both as a teacher and in building up the vast collection of film literature in the university's library. Lester F. Beck, former head of the cinema department and now chief of U. S. C.'s research department, wrote to President Fagg when he heard of Deinum's suspension:

> To lose him [Deinum] for any reason at the present time would be a crippling blow to the [cinema] department and in the long run to the university as well. For I believe that if Mr. Deinum can continue with the program of research writing and teaching that he has set for himself, he will within a decade be recognized as one of the world's foremost authorities on films. He is a scholar in the classical tradition who ranges widely in many fields and in several languages.

When Mr. Deinum received his subpoena to appear before the subcommittee, he immediately informed his superiors to avoid embarrassing the university. He was told to continue his classes. At the hearing, he testified freely about the fact that he had been a member of the Communist Party from 1946 to 1950, that his only party activities consisted in attending a study class dealing with films, art, and esthetics, that at no time had he observed any subversive or illegal activities, and that he had left the party when these discussions proved intellectually unsatisfying. He refused, however, to name other persons with whom he had attended the study group since he felt that it would have been unethical to expose persons who, to his knowledge, had broken no law.

His was a difficult position to take. It would have been "safer" for him to have pleaded the Fifth Amendment, but he decided to be as frank as he could without involving innocent persons. The following day he found out that a letter by President Fagg announcing his immediate suspension had been released to the press. He received his own copy later.

Dr. Fagg's letter, dated June 27, and written before the writer could have had access to the transcript of the hearing, stated:

> In view of statements you are reported to have made before the House Un-American Activities Committee and in accordance with our policy I hereby notify you that as of this date you are suspended from your teaching job at the University of Southern California.

Deinum's answering letter said in part:

> I would like it to be understood that while my refusal to name names in front of the committee had, out of necessity, to be couched in legal terms, the basic reason for my refusal was a moral and ethical one. . . . I could not bring upon people who were to my knowledge innocent of any subversive intent the mental suffering that has befallen me. . . . I told the committee under oath, and I will tell you now, that in the four years that I was a member of the Communist Party I never observed anyone engaged in any criminal, subversive, or illegal act.

Protest against the suspension was voiced immediately by faculty and students alike. The staff of the cinema department urged a fair hearing for their colleague before the Acadamic Senate. Within two days fifty-one students of the department signed a petition for Deinum's reinstatement. The campus paper carried a strong editorial. A student delegation visited the dean of education. Five students wrote to Professor Fagg:

> If the implication of the suspension is that Mr. Dienum misconducted himself by not naming persons he knew while he was a member of the Communist Party—persons he believes innocent of any illegal action—then . . . does the suspension imply the university's desire to employ and actually prefer informers? Is the implication perhaps that the university hires and fires according to the dictates of public and private pressures from without? We hope not, for, if so, we are being done a disservice as students who came here in good faith to study in a department reputed to be the best of its kind in the country.

Dr. Fagg's only reply was to acknowledge receipt and remark dryly: "Our concept of what is good for the university seems not to be in agreement."

On September 21 the executive committee of the University Senate met with officials of the administration—but without Mr. Deinum or a spokesman for him—and announced: "The committee reviewed the request of Mr. Deinum and considered all available information (sic!) relevant to the request. The committee is of the opinion that no further action should be taken."

MARTIN HALL

*[Martin Hall is a free-lance writer in California.]*

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
J. Alvarez del Vayo, Foreign Editor

Freda Kirchwey, Editorial Contributor

Harold Clurman, Theater
Robert Hatch, Films
B. H. Haggin, Music
Caroline Whiting, Books
Alfred Maund, Copy and Makeup
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Martin Solow, Assistant to the Publisher

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Bruce Catton, Maxwell Geismar, Keith Hutchison, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

**The Nation, October 29, 1955, Volume 181, No. 18**

**The Nation**, published weekly by The Nation Company and copyright, 1955, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879 at the Post Office of New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Reentered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Montgomery, Alabama. Printing Office, 1603 Reuben Street.

**Subscription Prices Domestic**—One year $7; Two years $12; Three years $17. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

**Change of Address:** Three weeks notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

**Information to Libraries: The Nation** is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1955
VOLUME 181, NUMBER 18

THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

# Nationalism-Colonialism: The New Challenge (II)

## . . . by Edgar Snow

*This is the second of a three-part guest editorial, the concluding portion of which will appear in an early issue. Mr. Snow, a foreign correspondent in Europe and Asia for more than twenty years, is the author of "The Battle for Asia," "Pattern of Soviet Power," and other books.*

IS THE HISTORY of empire in Africa going to repeat the same broad pattern of decline and exit to the tune of social revolution, as in Asia? That depends, naturally, on what the European does with his remaining opportunities there. His stake is greater; in South Africa alone some 2,500,000 white settlers call the black land their home. And yet it is just there that the white man's future in Africa looks most uncertain, where his moral right to dominance is most questioned, where the portents of a revolutionary solution to extreme racist terror and oppression seem most serious. One thing bound to be different in Africa is the timetable of economic, political, and social change. It will be far swifter from now on than the white overlords feared before World War II—or than African nationalists dared hope.

This rising tempo of demand for reform is already affecting us and our relations with colonial situations on several continents. In the past we have been called upon to pay the bill for mistakes of stubborn French reaction in Indo-China, for example. Are more billions to be wasted in the future in vain attempts to deny self-government and the development of the peoples of French Africa? A clear, creative role needs to be defined for United States policy in colonial and underdeveloped areas of the world—a policy implemented as consistently in the U. N. as outside.

Three things have happened in the postwar decade to make the need imperative. Three different but related revolutions have profoundly altered the basis of human existence and outlook in general, and greatly increased the pressure for colonial emancipation in particular. The first is the technological transformation foreshadowed by thermonuclear energy. Along with its dreadful potentials for evil it offers an early shortcut, if properly applied, for the rapid modernization of primitive and industrially backward countries.

The second radical innovation in the world system of states is the fact that 1,200,000,000 brown men inhabiting about 7,000,000 square miles of territory have attained full national independence and political equality with the West. Left behind by the "first" industrial revolution, these people are determined to close the gap during "the revolution of rising expectations," the atomic age.

The third revolution is the vast portentous social upheaval dominated by the Communists and stretching from Eastern Asia to Eastern Europe. It now embraces more than one man in every three. The effect of widespread propaganda concerning speedy progress and uplift achieved in Soviet Asia—for colored people—has raised a competitive challenge in all remaining Western colonies. Still more, the impact of Communist-led China's quite visible and undeniably dramatic national recovery of power and prestige has electrified Africans of all classes with hope. Inevitably it has given at least some rebel nationalists the conviction that the Communist road is the only road whereby countries left far behind can catch up. One such, for example, is the Prime Minister of the Gold Coast—which is likely to be Britain's first black dominion. Though no Communist, the remarkable Dr. Nkrumah has openly advocated a Union of West African Soviet Socialist States!

PERHAPS because American policy has not been adjusted to the three great changes mentioned we failed to understand, for example, the serious message of the Bandung Conference in Indonesia last April. In adopting a somewhat sneering attitude the United States unnecessarily—and quite falsely in terms of our own best tradition—ranged itself against legitimate aspirations toward political and social equality that are universal among Asians and Africans. The great majority of the newly independent countries of Asia are non-Communist. Yet being non-Communist obviously does not mean being pro-colonial. When leaders of all Oriental countries—only Korea, Soviet Asia, and Formosa were left out—joined with seven African states at Bandung to demand self-determination and freedom for all colonies they were not only repeating their own oft-proclaimed faith but also echoing the sentiments of great American patriots.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In actual fact the remnants of old-style Western imperialism in East Asia are now mainly vestigial—British Singapore and Hongkong, and a lingering grip on the Malay peninsula and the coast of Borneo; Dutch and Australian occupation of New Guinea, disputed by Indonesia; and odd hangovers of the Portuguese empire thus far overlooked in the rush. The West cannot possibly return to impose its will on the continent through such knotholes, even if they continue to be held. In any major war they would be liabilities, not assets. It is inconceivable that we shall indefinitely antagonize a billion non-Communist Asians rather than encourage the Europeans to find their way out of these few isolated positions with good grace.

ASIDE FROM scattered colonial holdings in Oceania, the West Indies, and Central America, the real remaining colonial problems of the world today center in Africa—and they are indeed problems of magnitude. Africa covers a fifth of the habitable land area of the earth and 90 per cent of its 200,000,000 blacks are almost entirely dominated by 3,000,000 white men. Asians have three good reasons for resenting the arrangement—and for lining up behind African nationalism and independence—as the Bandung-Asian bloc of powers has now done in the U. N., and increasingly will do in the future. First is their own long history of colonial oppression. Second is their determination to retaliate against all forms of color discrimination. Third, half a million Asians resident in Africa are themselves treated by the whites as inferiors and fare economically little better than the blacks.

With the exception of South Africa, Egypt, Libya, Ethiopia, and little Liberia, all Africa consists of colonies, mandates, trusteeships, or protectorates held by British, French, Portuguese, Spanish, and Belgian overlords. French Africa alone is larger than Greater China and Japan combined—and not one in ten of its 5,000,000 inhabitants is literate. British Africa is larger than the United States; Portugal's African colonies are thirty times the size of the minuscule "mother" country. The Belgian Congo—with its riches in minerals, water resources greater than those of the United States, and uranium mines that produce 96 per cent of the current world output—is as large as all Western Europe.

Fabulous profits have been taken out of Africa ever since the lucrative slave trade. Until recently little such wealth stayed in the country for reinvestment. Like the billions made in colonial trade in Asia it was poured back into Europe—and much of it disappeared in the fire of the last two wars. Africa has enriched everybody but the Africans, they say. Over wide areas Negroes have lost all their best grazing lands to the whites; in many restricted regions they cannot buy land at all. Often the best land has been seized by a few white settlers. In the Congo it is owned by half a dozen giant corporations. In Kenya colony, 4,000 Europeans own 16,000 square miles—an average of four square miles per white man—while a million Kikuyus who surround them hold only 2,000 acres of the land once exclusively theirs.

Color discrimination and segregation prevail nearly everywhere—modified by a Portuguese policy which permits one Negro in a thousand to vote, and by half-hearted French attempts in the Arab north at "assimilation." In South Africa the *apartheid* policy has deprived the black man of all political rights (taking away his former right to vote) and many human rights. Compelled to live in ghettos, he cannot even walk the streets of certain areas of the city—or even enter one without a pass. He is in effect a prisoner in his own country—where he is four-fifths of the population.

Ninety per cent of East Africans have hookworm or other intestinal worms; tuberculosis and venereal disease are spreading scarcely checked, and 35 per cent of all blacks born in South Africa die of disease or starvation in their first year. There are only 3,400 doctors in the whole of Africa, and most of these care for whites. The need is for 60,000 doctors at a very minimum—three times as many as are studying in the United States. Needs? There are 700 different languages. Africans obviously need etymologists, language unifiers—somebody to give them a way of writing, as Russians did for Central Asians and Esquimaux. They need teachers, agronomists, veterinarians, skilled workers in metals and wood, engineers, scientists. They need schools, labor unions, colleges, cooperatives, decent housing, pest control, better diets, sanitation, power plants, roads, railways. They need a larger share in the treasure they have produced for the world—not to mention a little *liberte, egalite, fraternite.*

"Our civilization cannot afford to leave immense areas of the world underdeveloped," wrote Vernon Bartlett in "The Struggle for Africa." "Even if the inhabitants of these areas were anxious to go on living as their ancestors had lived for centuries, we should not allow them to do so. And so little are they anxious to go on living in that way that the demands of the backward masses in Europe, Asia, Africa, and South America for all the amenities, good or bad, of Western civilization have plunged us into the most momentous series of revolutions in history."

But it is far too late, today, to think of turning the black man back to the jungle. He knows too much; he is already too far along the road. And the world cannot get along without him—without his labor, the wealth of his continent, the human contribution he was created to fulfill. He can only be led forward—and swiftly—in the battle of competitive coexistence. "But the blunt truth," Bartlett lamely concludes, "is that the great colonial powers no longer have either the capital or technicians to permit the rapid development of Africa demanded both by the Africans themselves and by the rest of the world."

Not only in Africa but in vast underdeveloped areas all over the world the problem is the same—lack of capital, lack of technique, lack of centralized planning and direction, lack of a modern technique of world



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

development which will not arouse the fear, suspicion, and opposition of the very people who need it most. "The dilemma has a vast importance in the political struggle between East and West for the allegiance of the uncommitted part of the world, in the vast underdeveloped parts of the Middle and Far East and Africa, too, in which so great a proportion of the population still live on the borders of starvation," wrote Bickham Sweet-Escott in a recent issue of *The Listener*. He continues thus:

> For it is just to people like that that the appeal of communism is greatest. So far the only answer the West has found is the belief that, if the standard of living of these people is raised they will gradually become deaf to the voice of communism. [But] I am quite certain that our efforts alone would not ensure the rapid increase on the scale needed. For that it is essential that these areas should have access to the vast productive capacity of the United States, just as the 600,000,000 of China can call on the growing industrial strength of Soviet Russia. But as Western civilization is organized at present the United States cannot ultimately play its full part . . . because there is nothing which the United States will accept in exchange for all the plant machinery and manufactured goods. If the West is to raise the standard of living of the underdeveloped areas and so immunize them from communism it is vital that we should find some way in which American production can be made available to Asia and Africa in a really big way.

Such is the opportunity facing the leaders of this country today—and the terms of competitive coexistence permit no adherence to the status quo. This country alone possesses the abundant surpluses of agricultural products, of manufacturing capacity, above all of capital, industrial experience, and know how. What is more, export it must, and on an ever-increasing scale, if the internal economy is not ultimately to face a crisis. Fate thus offers America—or at any rate American business men—the chance to make great history in a deeply responsible role.

There is one aspect of the task, however, which Mr. Sweet-Escott failed to examine. It is one which big-business administration may easily overlook as an essential first purpose. That is, the American responsibility to the people of the colonies—and people everywhere—for insisting that its economic aid be used to hasten self-governing capacity in the colonies, to free them, and to enlarge opportunities and welfare for the poor everywhere—rather than to perpetuate their dependence, enriching only the few. During the past decade, under the pretext of fighting communism, we have already spent billions of dollars in support of reactionary regimes—in ways unprecedented in American history—which have "on the whole lengthened the life of colonialism," as Alan Paton recently admitted to be the case in Africa. And by that very effect we frustrate ourselves, he concludes, because "by lengthening the life of colonialism [America] is strengthening the appeal of communism."

The question for the American people, therefore, is whether we can reconcile these two purposes—world development for greater world freedom—in a new and creative policy based on full acceptance of the three great changes listed at the opening of these paragraphs. Does the American system possess the ingenuity, the flexibility, the imagination, the interest, and above all the faith to mobilize adequate means of bringing aid on the gigantic scale needed to solve the foremost problems of underprivileged man—before he succumbs to the "appeal of communism"? Some possible answers will be considered in a concluding editorial.

# The Shape of Things

## Too Much Whip

AN OLD ADAGE warns against riding a good horse to death. The United States delegation to the United Nations, intent on winning every race, gives every indication of being reckless of horseflesh. For several years now it has applied spur and crop to friendly delegations when there was a contest to be won against the Communist bloc. So far it has been generally successful, but should the spirit of Geneva, or of Bandung, affect our friends deeply enough, that run of luck could come to an end.

The balloting in the U. N. General Assembly for the third vacant non-permanent seat in the U. N. Security Council is a case in point. The ninth ballot on October 19 found the contest deadlocked, with twenty-nine votes for the Philippines (the United States' candidate) and twenty-eight for Yugoslavia. Then Ambassador Lodge moved to adjourn the Security Council election and to proceed to elections for ECOSOC and the Trusteeship Council. The maneuver was plain: Yugoslavia was a candidate for ECOSOC as well as for the Security Council, and an unwritten rule would almost certainly keep it from being elected to both. The Soviet delegate opposed, but the Assembly proceeded to vote—and Yugoslavia was elected to ECOSOC.

But consider the voting on the American motion to proceed to the ECOSOC elections. Supporting the United States were twenty-five countries—all but three of the Latin Americans, plus Iran, Iraq, Iceland, Liberia, the Philippines, Thailand, and Nationalist China. In opposition were not only the Soviet bloc and Yugoslavia itself, but Britain, Canada, New Zealand, the three Scandinavian countries, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Israel, India, Burma, and Chile —twenty countries in all. Thirteen countries, including Australia, Turkey, and Indonesia, abstained. But a United States delegation spokesman said that the American representatives were "gratified" by the Philippines' standing in the voting.

The following day, the balloting for the Security Council vacancy was postponed until October 27. The United States may win this race, but at a cost that is obviously too high. It looks very much as if a good horse were being ridden to death.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# PERFECT CIRCLE:

## Back To Bayonets . . *by Walter Fall*

*New Castle, Indiana*

WHEN THE SHOOTING was over, eight persons lay wounded. Four were inside a small, bullet-pocked foundry operated by the Perfect Circle Corporation. Four more were in a group of a thousand labor demonstrators who milled angrily outside. And all over the nation shocked and curious stares turned toward a small, semi-industrial town in east-central Indiana—New Castle.

To a great many people the whole affair seemed almost old-fashioned. It had been more than a score of years since Walter Reuther and a small band of workers in Detroit's huge automobile factories fought bloodily with an armed brigade of Harry Bennett's guards on a foot bridge at the Ford plant. Since then, organized labor had become big enough to deal with big business on nearly equal terms. Since then, too, management had changed. Faced with labor organizations that knew what they wanted, companies found themselves forced to recognize needs other than those of management. But a lot of that came a long time ago, and this was October 5, 1955. Why, then, all the shooting?

It was only the middle of the eleventh week of a strike of United Auto Workers-C. I. O. against Perfect Circle, one of the country's four biggest makers of automobile piston rings. Indiana has had many strikes, some not too long ago, that lasted much longer than eleven weeks. But Indiana had not, for a long time, experienced a strike involving two such bitterly obdurate parties. Speaking before the Illinois Federation of Labor, Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell looked toward New Castle and branded Perfect Circle "certainly not typical of management in America." On the other hand, Indiana's Governor George N. Craig, peering warily at the fracas in his own back yard, decided the union "hierarchy in Detroit" had quite obviously "usurped . . . the right of local determination."

New Castle itself was divided fairly equally on the issue. With the town and surrounding Henry County in the iron grip of martial law, people blamed both the company and the union and watched dejectedly as fresh-faced youngsters of the Indiana National Guard cruised the streets in jeeps, bayonets fixed.

NEITHER Perfect Circle nor U. A. W.-C. I. O. were newcomers to New Castle. The company, headquartered only twelve miles east in Hagerstown, had started the New Castle foundry when Calvin Coolidge was in the White House. Nine years before the establishment of the foundry the firm had begun specializing in piston rings. Then, as now, the company was run largely by a family named Teetor. Three of its members had helped found the company—which made railway pedal cars at the start—that later became Perfect Circle.

President of the firm is Ralph Teetor, a totally blind, rock-jawed engineer who would rather tend to machines and production and leave personnel matters to someone else. The someone else is William B. Prosser, vice-president and general manager, a quick-thinking, polished businessman with an eighth-grade education who worked his way to the Perfect Circle top echelon through the sales division.

The United Auto Workers made its entrance into Perfect Circle through the gate of the New Castle foundry. Five years before it was to win an election at the Hagerstown mother plant, the U. A. W. gained bargaining rights at New Castle. That was 1937 and the start of a series of in-again-out-again shuffles that gave foundry workers a different bargaining agent almost every year. In 1938 U. A. W. was voted out and an independent union formed. In 1939 U. A. W. got back in. Two years later, in the first foundry vote supervised by the National Labor Relations Board, the auto workers' union lost. But a year after that—a year of a determined organization efforts—U. A. W.-C. I. O. regained and held bargaining rights at New Castle and swept the Hagerstown plant, too.

Top union man on the scene at Perfect Circle now is William F. Caldwell, a mustachioed, well-groomed resident of New Castle who services Indiana and Kentucky plants as an international representative. The impact of his personality on recent negotiations with Perfect Circle is best told in his own words: "In future negotiations I probably will back away from participation. I know very well how the company feels toward me. Ultimate agreement is more important than my joining in the talks personally." In press conferences Caldwell has left no doubt that he feels the entire strength of the international union is behind him. He has hinted broadly that Walter Reuther telephones often, that a $25,000,000 fund backs up the campaign at Perfect Circle.

Over Caldwell is Raymond Berndt, regional director of the union. A personal participant in earlier bargaining with Perfect Circle this year, he blew up when Governor Craig clamped on martial law. "We're finished until the governor again becomes a human being. We're not going to negotiate with Sherman tanks and bayonets at our backs," he declared.

BEFORE the strike started July 25 at Perfect Circle this year negotiations had moved quietly but fruitlessly. On June 23, a month before the expiration date of separate one-year contracts at the four plants covered by U. A. W., union bargainers asked for a package much like that granted by Ford, General Mo-

*WALTER FALL is the pen name of a free-lance writer.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tors, and Chrysler. The union wanted supplementary unemployment pay, union shop, improvements in retirement and group insurance plans, compulsory arbitration, and a 6-cent general wage increase.

The company replied with an offer of a 10-cent wage boost, better retirement and group insurance plans—but no union shop, no layoff pay, no compulsory arbitration. With neither side giving more than an inch, negotiations bogged down completely. Still at loggerheads with the company when the contracts expired, the union struck all four plants: two at Richmond and one each at Hagerstown and New Castle. The company points out eagerly that a fifth plant, at Tipton, where workers are represented by United Steel Workers-C. I. O., was not struck. The steelworkers signed a new contract July 29 roughly on the terms of the company's original offer. No union shop.

A CONCERTED effort by both auto workers and steelworkers to get a union shop at Perfect Circle had been tried in 1948. An eight-week strike then got the unions only more money for their members. This year, in spite of union insistence that there are important issues besides union shop, publicity by Perfect Circle has laid the blame for the entire *impasse* squarely on that one issue. Vice-President Prosser poohpoohed the suggestion that anything but the union's demand for the union shop had stalemated negotiations. The company was against compulsory arbitration, he said, but "the significance of the issue pales when you consider the union has not requested arbitration on anything for three years." He also claimed the company was "not against GAW in principle . . . and probably could have worked out something on that."

Early in the strike, with all four plants almost empty, the union altered its wage demand. Instead of 6 cents it asked for 20 cents and called the 10-cent company offer "much less than other big piston-ring companies have given this year." Perfect Circle retorted that its competitors all settled for 6 and 7 cents. The U. A. W. quickly pointed out that all the other companies had a union shop. Prosser told a

Fort Wayne Sentinel

*The Not So Perfect Circle*

news conference, "We'll never have a union shop as long as I'm here."

Workers began filtering back to the struck plants. The Richmond factories started machining and casting operations again, Hagerstown got its machine and plating works rolling, New Castle used white-collar workers and a few non-strikers to resume foundry production. Bitterness in all three towns swelled in proportion to the production reports issued by the company. It started with shouts and threats from both sides as non-strikers drove through picket lines. Soon non-strikers began reporting rocks thrown through the windows of their houses at night and paint smeared on their cars.

Perfect Circle charged the union with intimidation. The union shot back that it looked like the company had hired goons to make the union look bad. Beatings, shotgun blasts at more homes, and rocks through more windows followed at an ever-quickening pace. Then mass violence hit New Castle.

On August 15—the strike was three weeks old—more than a hundred strike sympathizers stormed the foundry gates, stoned a busload of workers rolling into the plant, and overturned four parked cars. Company observers said they did not see one foundry employee among the throng of rioters. Cars with out-of-county and even out-of-state license plates were parked in clusters a block from the plant, they claimed.

State police swooped down on New Castle. Nine demonstrators were arrested but later released when the county prosecuting attorney refused to file charges. He claimed the company had "failed to take adequate action at the plant to prevent violence." He said Perfect Circle had not helped local officials file contempt-of-court charges against pickets. The company earlier had got a court order banning mass picketing.

Governor Craig, worried because the squads of state police needed at New Castle and Hagerstown were jeopardizing his traffic-safety program, called company and union representatives to his office. Pressing both sides for a promise that they would do all in their power to prevent more violence, the governor withdrew state police—but alerted the National Guard.

Threatened with martial law, New Castle quieted down. Sporadic violence at the homes of non-strikers was officially overlooked. Almost a month dragged by. Two state-sponsored truce talks ended in deadlock when the company announced that employees at its Richmond and Hagerstown plants had petitioned the N. L. R. B. to decertify U. A. W. as their bargaining agent. The company said it could not negotiate at plants where union representation was in doubt. The governor said it could. The union said it would bargain for all four plants at once or not bargain at all.

THEN mass picketing completely shut the New Castle plant for a week. No move was made to enforce the court order against mass picketing. The plant manager visited his foundry by helicopter. Union officials charged he took a load of guns into the building. First action by the city of New Castle came when police came on the scene with two trucks, loaded docile pickets, and roared off toward the lockup. Fifty persons were charged with "rout and riot." The foundry opened for business again.

Eight days later—October 5—rumors were rife in New Castle about a labor "demonstration march" downtown. The company had heard the rumors the night before and bought six more shotguns to add to the plant armament. At nine that morning 148 persons were in the plant when a solid phalanx of demonstrators marched down quiet Plum Street toward the foundry gate. City police retreated inside the plant. Demonstrators threw rocks at plant windows and started shaking the heavy steel-wire gate. It gave way and more than a dozen



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shouting men moved toward the foundry's front door, overturning a parked car in their path while an estimated 1,000 other demonstrators stayed outside the fence, watching.

From a second-floor window in the foundry a shotgun blasted at the men inside the fence. Other blasts came from other windows. The crowd fell back and someone among the demonstrators returned the fire. For two hours company men and union men traded shots. Each took pictures of the other's snipers shooting from cover. Then 200 state police converged on New Castle, threw a flying wedge of troopers through the demonstrators, confiscated forty guns and an assortment of twenty-five clubs which the company admitted it had made "for the women to protect themselves with."

Lieutenant Governor Harold Handley, political foe of Governor Craig, rushed to the scene of the battle. He talked to both company men and union men and arranged a truce meeting for the next day. Satisfied that he, and the state police, had the situation well in hand, Handley returned to Indianapolis. But Governor Craig, fishing off the coast of Florida, refused to believe any situation was well in Handley's hands. He long-distanced an order for the National Guard to move in. It did, 600 strong with tanks and machine guns. Taverns were closed. A curfew was placed on the town. A little later more troops moved into Hagerstown and Richmond.

New Castle's Mayor Paul F. McCormack looked at his once-peaceful town of 20,000 and sadly called it "the blackest day since the 1917 tornado." A Guard colonel ran the town from a command post in the city council's chambers. With tanks in its parking lots, the New Castle foundry reopened for production.

For a lasting truce, the only break in sight is the possibility of an N. L. R. B. election to determine if the U. A. W. really does have a majority in Richmond and Hagerstown. An election could pave the way for new negotiations.

# ADVERTISERS ANONYMOUS

## That $2.95 Magazine . . . *by Kenneth Rexroth*

THIS IS an article about a magazine without visible advertising. A little over a year ago, I got quite a spate of lavish second-class mail announcing a new departure in American periodicals—a magazine of American history which would be scholarly and popular, splendid and learned, folksy and heroic. It would help me, "a citizen of standing in my community," to integrate and luxuriate myself in the traditions of America's glorious past. It promised to be twice as gorgeous as *Fortune*—the sort of thing I would only have to display on my twelve-foot inlaid guendilla-wood executive desk to make everybody believe I was a captain of industry. All this for the measly, picayune, and practically embarrassing pittance of $12 a year, $2.95 per single copy.

Sometime previous there had been a considerable rumpus—noisier, to be sure, in the newsweeklies than in the scholarly journals—about the rehabilitation of the business community in American history. It wasn't hard to put two and two together. I didn't send a subscription.

Now a year has rolled around. A volume of *American Heritage* is complete. Print order for the fifth issue, according to a publicity flier, was 107,000 copies. This is a lot of magazines at $2.95 each.

I have them all stacked before me. I've read every word. I'm afraid it has been a distasteful assignment. One of the most frightening things about the commercial culture of America is that it is slowly declining by its own standards. As the creative sources are stopped up by money, the derivative commercial channels slowly run dry. Grade B movies, fashion drawings in newspaper display advertisements and in women's magazines, radio and television programs, all cannibalistically feed on their own kind—having eaten up the missionaries—and slowly die of what the philosophers call a vicious infinite regress.

*American Heritage* might have made something out of the popularization of American history in the days when the great Socialist, Populist, and muckraking traditions ruled the academy. Certainly lots of non-controversial, amusing, and interesting stuff was turned up in the process of exploring the rise of American civilization, the great American fortunes, the robber barons.

Rough-hew it how you will, the rehabilitation of the business community just isn't good copy. From any point of view, the first thing wrong with *American Heritage* is that it isn't interesting. The second thing wrong with it is that it's badly written. These rehabilitators can't write like Gustavus Myers or Matthew Josephson. They write as though they were holding down a job—essentially a job of adjusting American scholarship to the values and lingo of "the media"—which, of course, are adjusted to what pays the bills, the advertising.

There is a widespread notion that the deliberate commercialization of culture as near to its source as possible—in literature and scholarship—is something that used to be true in the bad old days of Upton Sinclair and is no more. But "The Brass Check" is just gold-plated, and "The Goose Step" has been embroidered with fancy figures from the peacock strut and the turkey trot. These are still the bad old days.

With few exceptions, the style of *American Heritage* contributors

*KENNETH REXROTH, author of many books of poetry, conducts a radio book-review program over station KPFA, San Francisco.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

varies from the pseudo wise-guy argot of a *Collier's* expose to the drab pedestrianism of *True Detective*. A large proportion of the articles are specifically concerned with the robber barons. At times the attempt to portray these Simon de Montforts as St. Benedicts and Aeneas Silviuses gets pretty funny. Here are some titles: To the Farthest Part of the Rich East (on the Salem merchants); Chateau Builder to Fifth Avenue; James Gordon Bennett—Beneficent Rascal; Henry Ford—A Complex Man (this masterpiece of subtle humor, all of it skilfully adjusted to the sly whimsey of the title, is by no less than Allan Nevins himself, often known affectionately as the Nicholas Murray Butler of the 1960's); and, last, again with an introduction by that irrepressible old card, Mr. Nevins, The Man Who Gave Away Rockefeller's Millions: The Memoirs of Frederick T. Gates. Ivy Lee, the "onlie begetter" of all his stuff, will probably disappear as totally from American history as Trotsky has from Russian.

You can't blame the boys for not trying. If the robber barons can be rehabilitated, by God they'll rehabilitate 'em. But somehow, when you have to read it all at one gulp, an awful suspicion comes over you. Somebody is being kidded. Somebody's leg is being pulled. The editors? The heads of college history departments? The boards of regents? Or are they all having a hilarious time kidding one another?

All this is to be expected. A number of articles reveal a rather startling development—the great tradition of "Red Rock," "The Clansman," "Gone With the Wind," and the *Kenyon* and *Sewanee* reviews,

has been adopted as an integral part of this rehabilitation. The period of Reconstruction after the Civil War is portrayed as a reign of terror, corruption, and ignorance in the South. And the fathers of Reconstruction, the Radical Republicans, are shown as brutal and vindictive demagogues. All this reduces history below the levels of the old silent movies, "The Birth of a Nation" and "Scaramouche." Even the word "radical" is used as though it meant what it means today, and Tad Stevens, Butler, Stanton, and their associates are portrayed not by photographs but by drawings which resemble nothing so much as one of William Gropper's dimmer views of the elder Morgan or the elder Rockefeller.

The poor bleeding South and its evil violators appear in every issue in one guise or another. What this means is that the American business community fears its own radical founders almost as much as it fears its contemporary and recently past "radical" critics. Of course there is not a word of truth in this thesis. The South was never better governed than under Reconstruction. the myth of the watermelon legislatures presided over by wicked carpetbaggers manipulating ignorant Negroes fresh from the cotton fields has been exposed again and again by reputable historians. I suggest that if the editors of *American Heritage* want some really exciting copy, they get hold of the collection of farewell speeches made by the last Negroes to sit in the nineteenth-century American Congress, and print them serially. Even today, I, for one, cannot read them without sobbing.

Had Reconstruction run its course, and the Negro obtained and held both land and the franchise, we would not have today the shame of the American Balkans to haunt us in international affairs. And we will never get rid of this shame until the South has produced a generation of Negro governors and Congressmen. This is not the American Negro in whom *American Heritage* is interested. The only Negro in the whole collection is an insane mass murderer in upstate New York, who is given a garishly illustrated article to himself, the point of which seems to be "Yo-all jes' doan' unnerstan how ta keep Negras in they place."

But the Negroes are not the only ones so represented. As a matter of fact, the magazine is given over almost entirely to rascals and mass murderers, politicians, generals, and the business community. George Washington Carver is not the only person to be snubbed. There are hardly any important figures from the humane history of America. This is an American heritage with which Whitman, Ryder, Melville, Frances E. Willard, Carl Schurz, or Charles Ives, let alone Robert Dale Owen or even William Penn had nothing to do. This is the "other America" in which you and I, thank God, do not live.

I THINK we can do without this American heritage. In fact, a good many of us are pretty sick having our noses rubbed in it by smart-aleck intellectuals who chatter fashionably about The Values of the Mass Culture. It is bad enough disguised as the "culture" the masses have to take and like or else, let alone when it masquerades as serious history of the country we love. We can get along without this *American Heritage*. In some peaceful and civilized future we will have to chronicle this era of Trimalchio's banquet. Then, like exhuming a dinosaur from a knuckle-bone, it will be possible to reconstruct every issue of this magazine down to the last comma. All we have to do today is save a bottle of foul air scooped from any one of several smoke-filled rooms—the steering committee of an advertising convention, the editorial conferences of a newsweekly, or the sessions of the combined publicity staffs of Checkers, the Wonder Dog.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BIOLOGICAL WARFARE

## A New Pentagon Toy? . . . *by Edgar Kemler*

*Washington*

IF atomic warfare is eventually toppled from its Pentagon throne, will biological warfare (or BW, as the brass hats call it) take its place? This is the dream of Major General William M. Creasy, the Army's chief Chemical Officer, who virtually says that while atomic warfare might mean two-way suicide, a well-managed BW campaign could mean one-way genocide. With it, he says, the United States could damage the enemy's "human element," his livestock, and his crops far more effectively than the enemy could ours.

Ten years ago, such a proposal would have been shocking. First, it suggests that we cannot coexist peacefully with the Communists without keeping some military rat poison ready at hand. Secondly, it suggests that our Pentagon leaders are the scientific counterparts of fourteenth-century witch doctors who professed to put poxes on undesirable individuals and plagues on unfriendly nations. Today, however, insofar as these objections are heard at all, General Creasy doesn't seem to mind. "To deny American troops the use of [such effective] weapons," he wrote recently, "would be an act of barbarism against our own people."

In Creasy's defense it must be explained that he is not only the spokesman but also the product of the Army Chemical Corps, which is the Pentagon's most frustrated outfit. Since its brief blaze of glory just after World War I, when it produced Lewisite, a poison gas more lethal than Germany's potent mustard gas, it has been continuously ostracized. One by one, all its horrors, including Lewisite, have been quietly shelved, until today it is concerned mostly with relatively innocuous smoke pots and flamethrowers.

Creasy holds no brief for gas, although the Chemical Corps still stockpiles both the offensive nerve gas and the defensive gas masks. But he can't understand why nuclear weapons which destroy both lives and property should be preferred to the shelved BW, which destroys lives but saves property. From the military point of view, he writes, "biological warfare is very much in the same class as the machine gun, the submarine, and the tank before their actual trial in war. All three were turned down by the United States authorities as being impractical until our enemies—or in the case of the tank, the British—demonstrated differently."

TO UNDERSTAND the real meaning of our BW superiority, one must first know something of BW itself. As General Creasy defines it, it is nothing more nor less than public health in reverse. That is, while public health strives to make common diseases rare, BW strives to make rare diseases common. One of its chief concerns, for example, is anthrax, a common but preventable killer in sheep and cattle but an extremely rare killer of men. Another is botulism, a once lethal kind of food poisoning, which has been virtually eliminated in this country by hygienic meat canning, but which might be revived by sabotage in the canneries. Still another concern is man's oldest and deadliest enemy, the plague, which comes in two forms – rat-carried bubonic plague and the air-borne pneumonic variety. Conceivably, the latter version could be revived here by enemy planes dropping aerosol bombs saturated with the appropriate germs.

The Russians are assumed to know as much about offensive and defensive BW as we do. However, because of our superior public-health facilities, meat canneries, water-purification systems, etc., we have a built-in BW defense which is the real key to our germ superiority. This superiority holds despite our swampy Southland, where the prevalence of *Aedes aegypti*, the yellow-fever carrying mosquito, would give the Russians their most favorable opening. In contrast to the hygienic United States, Red China is a potential pest hole, susceptible not only to a plague that would sicken or kill a fair percentage of its people but also to an air-blasting of its rice crops with fungus spores that would help to starve the rest. Indeed, had the Chinese not been so vulnerable to BW, they would not have gotten such a wide audience for their 1952 propaganda campaign blaming us for the typhus epidemic among their Korean troops.

On the other hand, if we are to exploit our BW advantage in fact rather than in fancy, if we are to convert this country into an infection center for the Communist world, we shall have to make our public-health system so airtight that it will be almost impossible to live with it. If BW becomes a conventional weapon, our diplomats might be required to wear germ-proof rubber suits whenever face to face with Iron Curtain diplomats, and our people generally would be forced to maintain air-raid shelters lined with the Chemical Corp's "diffusion board" which acts as a germ filter. Such extraordinary precautions might be required because BW is actually better adapted to cold war's silent sabotage than to hot war's noisy bombing. Should BW be approved in Washington, almost inevitably the silent battle would begin. Nor can there be much doubt that the highly health-conscious Americans would observe all the complex precautions, and more to boot. With the volatile health issue combined with the volatile security issue, hysteria would reign here as it has never reigned before.

So far as can be determined, none of the thousands of medical men who have helped perfect BW rejoices in Creasy's plan. Among other things, it would make them all violate the professional oath which

*EDGAR KEMLER frequently reports on the Washington scene for* The Nation.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

specifically enjoins them from wilfully killing their patients. Hitherto, BW has been considered as a weapon of last-ditch defense rather than as a weapon of choice. Since German saboteurs apparently infected United States cattle shipments to England with anthrax during World War I and Japanese savants killed several thousand Manchurians in a successful BW experiment in World War II, perfection of *defensive* BW was obviously required. As to offensive BW, the medics have reconciled themselves to it largely as a force for peace rather than as a possible weapon of war. On this assumption, which could be mistaken, they have made great and unheralded sacrifices. As of 1946, when the last BW report was published, sixty of the 4,000 doctors in the wartime program were sickened, though none fatally, by their own germ cultures.

So far the press has paid little attention to General Creasy's BW campaign, which he has conducted in frequent talks with the friendly chemical and pharmaceutical industries. Nor is this surprising, in view of the morale upturn induced by the Big Four conference. Yet Pentagon insiders predict that sooner or later BW will win recognition. This dire forecast is based on the Democrats' yearning for some absolute weapon against communism, as evidenced by their stubborn support of our declining margin of air superiority. Another possible straw in the wind is last year's unexplained hike of the Chemical Corps's research and development budget from $42,000,000 to $61,000,000. This budget includes not only BW research, but also, apparently, research for another activity that Creasy has alluded to as a remote possibility for the future: annihilation of the enemy by making his people temporarily insane. However these portents may be interpreted, as long as there is more drive for stockpiling the germs at the Edgewood, Maryland, laboratories than for outlawing them, the Pentagon prophets cannot be discounted.

# COEXISTENCE AT WORK

## Soviet-Finnish Relations . . *by Konni Zilliacus*

*Helsinki*

THE WORLD press showed a passing interest in the return of the Porkkala Peninsula to Finland by the Soviet government. After all, it is news in the "man-bites-dog" class when a great power returns a naval base to a small state. But the return of Porkkala is only the latest development in a strikingly successful peaceful coexistence relationship between the Soviet Union and Finland, that has grown from singularly unpromising beginnings. At this time, when the conditions of peaceful coexistence are the urgent concern of governments and public opinion, an ounce of Finnish-Soviet practice may be more illuminating than a ton of Western theory.

Finland has an anti-Russian tradition that stretches back to the pre-historic times when Finnish tribes repelled Slav raiders. During the "colonial" and "dominion status" centuries of Swedish rule, the Finns were in the firing line against Russia in innumerable wars. After the Napoleonic wars, Finland became an autonomous Grand Duchy of which the Czar was the Grand Duke. Successive Czars scrupulously respected the constitution of their tiny Grand Duchy. The relations between them and their Finnish subjects were excellent.

Trouble began in 1898, when Nicholas II initiated a policy of Russification. He met with tough and united Finnish national resistance. Russification stopped for some years after the abortive 1905 revolution. But it was in full swing again by 1914. It is not surprising, therefore, that there was a Jaeger battalion of Finnish volunteers in the German army on the Russian front in World War I, and that a large section of the Right in Finland looked forward to their country becoming a constitutional monarchy under a German prince. President Paasikivi, now eighty-five years old, who was a leading supporter of this policy, has since said that he made a mistake but that it was then impossible to foresee that a great power could collapse as completely as Germany did in the 1914-1918 war.

After the war Lenin freely conceded Finland the right to secede from Soviet Russia. But that did not obviate a civil war between the Finnish "Reds" and "Whites," in which the former received help from the Bolsheviks and the latter from the Germans. Today moderate Finnish opinion holds the civil war to have been a tragedy that could and should have been averted.

In the thirties, the Soviet government became alarmed at Hitler's threats and successive aggressions. They began to rearm and to urge their small Western neighbors to band themselves together in a defensive alliance against Hitler's Axis. But Polish proposals to that effect to the Baltic states and to Finland, as well as French Prime Minister's Barthou's similar plan for an "Eastern Locarno," were rejected.

Then the Soviet government asked the Finns to fortify some of their islands commanding the approaches to Leningrad through the Gulf of Finland. They offered, first, to supply the Finnish government free with all the material and, if desired, the technical aid necessary to do the job. Later, they offered to do it themselves for nothing and to turn over the completed fortifications to the Finns. These offers were rejected.

The second World War began. It

*KONNI ZILLIACUS, a prominent figure in the left-wing of the British Labor Party, is the author of many books on British and international politics.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

became clear that it was only a question of time before Hitler attacked the Soviet Union. The Russians began to arm feverishly. By this time they had come to the conclusion that the then rulers of Finland would not raise a finger to stop German forces marching through that country to attack Leningrad. The heavily fortified Finnish frontier was less than twenty miles from the U. S. S. R.'s second capital. They believed the Finnish General Staff was blindly pro-German and anti-Soviet, composed as it was of officers who had fought against Russia in World War I.

The Soviet leaders began pressing the Finns to agree to an exchange of territories whereby the Finnish frontier would be pushed away from Leningrad, and the Russians could fortify a couple of strategic islands on the Finnish side of the Gulf of Finland. The Russians offered two square miles on Finland's eastern frontier for every mile the Finns ceded to them. The two sides only just failed to reach agreement. According to the account of events given me by an old friend who was in the Finnish Foreign Office at the time, the majority of the Cabinet actually decided to authorize the Finnish delegation in Moscow to come to terms. But the minister whose duty it was to see that the necessary instructions were dispatched belonged to the intransigeant minority. The telegram was never sent.

TWO wars followed: the winter war in which Finland fought alone, and the summer war in which it fought, reluctantly and in two minds, as the ally of Hitler. The Russians paid heavily in the winter war for the delusion that the Finnish workers would rise and welcome the Soviet force as liberators and class allies. Instead, the Finns fought magnificently, and unitedly.

At the end of the summer war Finland was a defeated and occupied enemy of the Atlantic Alliance, its fate left by the Western powers to the discretion of its Russian conqueror. That was the fearful price Finland had to pay for assuming in the winter war that a small state could pursue a policy of isolation, and for believing in the summer war that as in the first World War Germany would first beat Russia and

then be beaten by the Western powers.

The Soviet government imposed a peace treaty that deprived Finland of more than one-tenth of its population, territory, and resources. Finland had to pay reparations in kind that imposed a seemingly impossible burden, and to lease Porkkala Peninsula, eleven miles from Helsinki, the capital, to the Russians for fifty years as a naval base.

"The Russians," a Finnish cabinet minister told me, "began by being tough and suspicious. They insisted on the prompt and meticulously exact fulfillment of all the onerous obligations we had been compelled to assume. But when they found they could rely on us to keep our word, they began to trust us. We, for our part, found that although they were hard bargainers, the Russians honored their side of any bargain they made. The two sides began to respect and understand each other."

Right at the start something happened that cheered and encouraged the Finns: In 1945 the Finnish Communist Party was strong in the trades unions and could command a lot of votes. The majority of its leaders were "moderates" or "national" Communists, and its official policy was to stand on its own feet and not solicit help from the Russians. But some leaders were all-out Stalinists. They told the Russians, "Give us a leg up and we'll be in the saddle."

"At that time," said my Finnish friends, "we were almost starving. If the Russians had told us they would give us food provided we took the Communists into the government and gave them certain key posts we could not have refused. Instead, they let us have the food on reasonable terms, with no political strings attached. That killed the possibility of revolution. And they told the Finnish Communists, 'No. We shall not help you into power. For if you have to carry water to the well, the well won't hold water.'"

The incident seemed to the Finns to prove what their grand old man, Paasikivi, had been saying all along: "The Russian interest in us is purely military and defensive. Once they are satisfied that it is a cardinal principle of our policy never to join in any combination of states hostile to them and to defend our territory and independence against any encroachment, they will not interfere in our internal affairs."

Nor did they. At the outset the Finnish Communist Party was a serious rival to the Social Democrats for trade-union and working-class leadership. The Social Democratic Party split: a small left-wing minority held that since Finland must pursue a policy of friendship and cooperation with the Soviet Union, they ought to work together with the Finnish Communists—and joined them in the Communist-led "People's Front." The Right-and-Center majority took the line that since they would have nothing to do with the Finnish Communists, it was no use attempting to cooperate with the Russians.

THE Social Democratic Party majority bitterly fought the Communists. They gradually ousted them from most of the trade-union leadership and whittled down their votes. In the process the majority found, to their surprise, that the Finnish Communists got no help from the Russians. And the left-wing Socialist minority became disillusioned with their Communist bedfellows and either drifted out of politics altogether or found their way back into their own party. "Today," said a Finnish Social Democrat friend, "we are united because the Right knows we can and should be friends with the Russians, and the Left realizes we can't cooperate with the Finnish Communists. So today we, like all other parties, take the Paasikivi line in foreign affairs. That is now national policy. But at home we are out to beat the Communists all ends up. We are doing it too. They have full political liberty. They still have forty-five deputies out of 200 in the Chamber.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But they are well on the way out."

In economic matters there has been a similar evolution. When the Russians found that the Finnish economy was almost breaking under the strain of reparations payments, they lightened the toll by prolonging the period of payment. When reparations were finally paid off, the Finns found themselves with engineering works and shipbuilding yards expanded far beyond their needs and dependent almost wholly on imported raw materials. The Russians saved what might have become an awkward situation by continuing to place large cash orders for the ships, machinery, etc., that used to be delivered to them as reparations.

Finnish-Soviet trade is now ten times what it was before the war and expanding rapidly. It is today more than three times greater than in 1925. Under the new trade treaty it is expected to expand even more.

But all this does not mean any weakening of Finland's traditional ties with the West. For the country is a Scandinavian-type, modern, welfare-state democracy, with a powerful trade-union movement and Social Democratic Party. The Western powers very quickly ceased to regard Finland as an ex-enemy. They helped Finland, with credits for buying raw materials and machinery, to make her reparations payments. Britain still is Finland's best customer, although the U. S. S. R. runs a close second.

The Soviet-Finnish treaty of friendship, cooperation, and mutual assistance that was signed in 1948 has now been prolonged for twenty years and indefinitely thereafter unless denounced by either side. The Finns do not regard it as committing them to fight in any war in which the Soviet Union might be engaged, but rather as obliging them to defend their own territory against any power at war with the Soviet Union, and if necessary, to accept Soviet help for the purpose.

The Finns are devoutly thankful that Sweden refused to enter NATO. The Swedes say, "If we had yielded to American blandishments and pressure and entered NATO, we should have had American bases on our territory. Then the Russians would have built bases in Finland, and we two would have been occupied by hostile great powers glowering at each other across the Gulf of Bothnia."

Both Swedes and Finns ardently wish that the United States, which in their view strong-armed Denmark and Norway into NATO, would let them go, so that the four Northern countries could form a "peace and third-way" group in their corner of Europe.

# LORDS VS. COMMONS

## The Margate Conference . . *by Michael Foot*

*Margate, England*

AFTER THE defeat of British Labor in the general election of May some expected that Labor's annual conference here this month would be forced to take a series of important decisions. The rumor ran that Mr. Attlee was willing to retire or that a few of the most powerful trade-union leaders might be eager to see him go; they wanted a more energetic opponent of Bevanism firmly in the saddle.

Another major disturbance was expected in the party's organization. Soon after the election Harold Wilson was appointed with three others to conduct an investigation into the way in which Labor's machine had operated. His report, produced a few days before the conference, was a devastating exposure of how hopelessly inadequate that machine had proved to be. Above all, it revealed that Labor had shown itself weakest at the point where it was previously considered most strong. The number of voluntary workers was much smaller than the party had been able to recruit at previous elections. This conclusion obviously affected issues of policy as well as those of organization. How could Labor find a new policy to inspire its own followers and the electors? Would a real start in this task be made at the Margate conference?

No one could suppose from the first day or two of the conference that these big issues were to be tackled. Delegates poured out of the conference hall declaring that it was the dullest meeting in living memory. Every conclusion seemed foregone. The right-wing leadership was in full command—the same leadership which had dictated the strategy of the election campaign. Labor's defeat at the election was due to the fact that a million and a half potential Labor voters were not interested enough to come to the polls. The same listlessness was evident among party delegates.

Then suddenly, in one dramatic moment, the conference was stirred into life. A debate was taking place in private session on the Wilson report. One or two speakers suggested that Labor's defeat was due not to defects in organization or policy but to the divisions in the party provoked, as they alleged, by Aneurin Bevan and his supporters. That morning the result had been announced of the contest for party treasurer between Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan. The figures showed an overwhelming victory for Mr. Gaitskell. They showed, further, that almost every trade-union executive had lined up in support of Mr. Gaitskell. That morning many persons believed that Mr. Bevan's fortunes had sunk lower than at any time since he became a prominent figure in the Labor movement. This was the atmosphere when Mr. Bevan himself intervened in the debate.

The precise words used by Mr.

*MICHAEL FOOT is a Labor Member of Parliament and a joint editor of the* Tribune.

*October 29, 1955*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bevan are not reported, for the debate took place in secret session. His achievement was that in fifteen minutes he put the all-powerful right-wing leadership on the defensive and pinned on them the responsibility both for Labor's electoral defeat and for the general *malaise* within the party. He bitterly recalled the attempt of Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Morrison a few months before the election to expel him from the party altogether. He assailed the manner in which the few all-powerful trade-union leaders had used their authority without any understanding of the feelings of the rank and file. The boldness of his counterattack produced the biggest ovation of the conference.

The men and women who cheered him were the representatives of the constituency Labor parties throughout the country. It is from this source—the most active Labor Party workers in the country—that Mr. Bevan has derived his strength. Year after year they elected him until last year he decided to challenge Mr. Gaitskell for treasurer, a post wherein the union votes are decisive. Once again at this conference the constituency parties showed their strong left-wing feeling by voting almost exclusively for left-wing candidates for the party's National Executive. The tremendous response to Mr. Bevan's intervention was further proof that there has been no decline in his rank-and-file following.

AFTER the storm produced by his speech the conference took on an entirely new character. Both Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell protested strongly that their aims were as much Socialist as Mr. Bevan's. Both defended the measures of public ownership taken by the Labor government when it was in power and the inference at least was that Labor's next program would incorporate a considerable extension of the same principle. This has hitherto been one of the points of argument between the right wing and the Bevanites. If the word could be taken for the deed, it might be assumed from the Executive's reaction to Aneurin Bevan's intervention that the whole party had taken a shift to the Left. But these appearances are not consolidated in practical decisions. And meantime

*Aneurin Bevan*

the responses of several of the trade-union leaders have revealed a very different temper. Some of them were quickly expressing the view, privately if not publicly, that a mistake had been made in not expelling Aneurin Bevan from the party at the last opportunity and that an occasion should be found for resorting once more to this extreme solution.

THE MARGATE conference has illustrated once again the constitutional problem facing the British Labor Party. In the early years and indeed right up to the thirties the strength of the Labor movement was solidly based on the trade unions. They provided most of the money and they also commanded all the votes required to elect Labor's National Executive. Then an innovation was made which gave to the constituency parties the right to elect directly seven out of the twenty-seven members of the Executive. Since then the importance of the constituency parties has greatly increased. Not only do they do most of the work at both Parliamentary and municipal elections; recent research has also proved that, contrary to the popular belief, they raise more of the party's money than is provided by the trade unions. Logically, therefore, the party constitution should be altered to give the constituency parties a bigger voice on the Executive. But, naturally enough, the plainer this logic becomes, the more the trade-union executives are resolved to retain their power. It is hard to see how the difficulty can be overcome, because the controllers of the present system gain the profit from it.

The trade-union bureaucracy constitutes a kind of House of Lords in the Labor movement in contrast with the constituency parties, which may be compared with the House of Commons. On the National Executive the two houses meet in joint session, but the vote of the House of Lords outnumbers that of the House of Commons by five to one. It is this feature of the situation which gives rise to the strange contrast between the overwhelming rank-and-file support for Aneurin Bevan and the well-nigh complete rejection of his policies, both foreign and domestic, in the official program of the party.

Fortunately the analogy in one vital respect is not accurate.

An increasing number of disputes have arisen in various unions in recent years over the manner in which union executives have cast their votes at Labor conferences. Union executives, both in making their choice of candidates for the National Executive and in casting their votes on policy issues, can act without consulting their union rank and file. Often this is unavoidable: Full union conferences cannot be summoned frequently to decide on every issue and the union executives must inevitably make their interpretation of union policy. It is also true that the constitutions of some of the unions cannot be described as genuinely democratic; the bias is strongly in favor of the permanent officials.

Yet, when allowance is made for all these facts, it remains true that a strong protest from the union rank and file could change the policy of the executives. The future of Bevanism in the Labor Party depends on whether that protest will be forthcoming in at least some of the unions. If it does not come, the effect on Labor's future may be serious. For, if the constituency parties cannot find allies amongst the trade unions, the frustration in their midst which played a major part in the party's electoral defeat may grow more severe. If Labor is to be able to build a more democratic society it will need to show first that it is not afraid of democracy in settling its own affairs.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BOOKS

## Happy Hunting Grounds

*BIG WOODS.* The Hunting Stories of William Faulkner. Random House. $3.95.

**By Carlos Baker**

FAULKNER and Hemingway, America's two Nobel-prize winners in the field of fiction, would both rather hunt than eat, provided they can eat after hunting, and write about it a little later on. Their work is never so idyllic, so nostalgic, so full of a sense of the good earth's teeming foison, her unremitting plenitude, as when they speak of the pursuit of game among the mountains, the streams, and the big woods from Africa to Michigan, to the far west, or down in the rich delta of the state of Mississippi.

The idyllic quality arises from their evident belief in the nobility, bravery, and mystery of the wild creatures who serve as quarry, or on another plane, as totems; and from their love of the mode of life which the pursuit of game engenders and fosters—excitement, endurance, humility, humor, rough comradeship or rivalry among men who share the vacation spirit, the sense of pastoral renewal in the primitive conditions of tent camp or hunting lodge. The nostalgia comes from the shared convictions of both writers that the happy hunting-grounds are fast vanishing, swallowed up or cut down by the onslaughts of materialist civilization, so that this last of the frontiers grows steadily farther and farther away. In sundry ways, but chiefly through the machinations of the lumbermen and the land grabbers, the idol of Mammon is inexorably banishing the idyll of the Big Woods. All things are a flowing, all good things are going, runs the rhyme. Among these are the wildernesses where game still abounds, where nature still natures, where men may go for annual rest and for refreshment, including Bourbon.

This double sense of the value of the hunting-grounds and their imminent final destruction is what gives Faulkner's hunting stories, now assembled in a single handsome volume, their considerable emotional impact. But this is only one side, the upper side, of the total effect. Under the surface opposition stretches the vaster ground of Faulkner's moral and metaphysical belief: that the destroyer, whether hunter or waster, ultimately defeats himself, and that his destruction has been implicit in the scheme of things since the Creation. Faulkner's hunter-philosopher Ike McCaslin recognizes the double aspect of the ethical and metaphysical problem. His argument almost seems to combine Plato's myth of the creation with the thought of the Pentateuch on man's freedom of choice and his accursed capacity to choose wrongly. God made the Eden-like wilderness for man's use and enjoyment. Owing to the basic recalcitrance of things, God did not wholly succeed in creating man in the ideal image, but He granted man both power and free will. "I reckon," says Ike McCaslin, that God "even foreknew the end." But God said, "I will give him a chance. I will give him warning and foreknowledge too, along with the desire to follow and the power to slay. The woods and the fields he ravages and the game he devastates will be the consequence and signature of his crime and guilt, and his punishment." So McCaslin on man's choice. And on man's fate: "No wonder the ruined woods I used to know don't cry for retribution. The very people who destroyed them will accomplish their revenge." For the destroyers are already accomplishing, by and upon themselves, the vengeance the woods might seek if it were possible or necessary. Implicit in the very act of destruction are the seeds which, growing up, will destroy the destroyer.

The four tales and five interludes which make up the present volume have all appeared before in one form or another. The tales are The Bear, The Old People, Bear Hunt, and Race at Morning. The last of these is a new story, first published last March in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Three of the interludes are extracts, considerably revised, from the short stories Red Leaves, A Justice, and Delta Autumn. The other two, on the state of Mississippi and its great river, are made over from the *Holiday* magazine article of April, 1954. Out of this apparent diversity, Faulkner and his editor have achieved a real unity, both of theme and development. By dint of rearrangement, rewriting, and the new emphases produced by the modifications and interactions which each of the tales and interludes exerts upon the others, the book emerges as a fresh entity, a piece of the huge acreage of Faulkner's heart never fully visible, because never surveyed and ridden over in quite this way before.

THE BOOK has both range and concentration. The range is in time, the slow swing of the seasons from November round to November, the deliberate spiral down the years from Reconstruction to modern times. When General Compson and Major De Spain vanish from the scene, a new generation is prepared to make, as eagerly as ever, the annual autumnal pilgrimage to the big woods. And over their shoulders other generations still to come, as over De Spain's shoulder the old ghosts of the Chickasaws move through the flickering woods. Boon Hogganbeck and his dog Lion may kill the legendary bear. But other creatures as noble and as elusive will arise, like the huge stag in Race at Morning with a set of antlers like a rocking chair. If they survive this November, all the better. "Which would you rather have?" cries the hunter to the tyro. "His bloody head and hide on the kitchen floor yonder and half his meat in a pick-up truck on the way to Yoknapatawpha County, or him with his head and hide and meat still together over yonder in that brake, waiting for next November for us to run him again?" The bear and the buck are the concentrators, unkillable, though killed; the spirits of this solitude, the unvanquishable geniuses of this place. That is why Ike McCaslin, who begins hunting on the under side of twenty, is still going back, as to a class reunion,

*CARLOS BAKER is chairman of the Department of English at Princeton University.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when he has reached the upper side of eighty. For the forest is a timeless place arrested in the flux of time.

It is a grace note in a fine book that Edward Shenton has done the handsome decorations, as he did twenty years ago for Hemingway's "Green Hills of Africa." For those who remain, even in the face of these delights, apathetic to the genre of the hunting-story, the words of Boon Hogganbeck may be pertinent: "Them that's going, get in the goddamn wagon. Them that ain't, get out of the goddamn way."

# The Leisured Masses

*TIME FOR LIVING.* By George Soule. The Viking Press. $3.

**By Joseph Dorfman**

SINCE the grim depression days, the American people have improved their material position so greatly that the emphasis placed on the magnitude and blessings of technological advance is outdoing the wildest fantasies of the Technocrats of the early 1920's and 1930's. This emphasis recognizes that man's destiny is in his own hands, rather than at the mercy of niggardly nature. But some of the popular accounts, emanating even from business circles, give the impression that the technological advance has solved all the economic problems of mankind, or at least that the American people are about to return to a garden of Eden, improved with all the gadgets of automation.

George Soule in his sprightly, slender "Time for Living" has undertaken the task of interpreter of the modern technological revolution to the American public. This is indeed fortunate, because the author has an exceptional capacity for popularizing trends in economics, ranging from technical economic doctrines to elaborate statistical studies. And having in recent years delved into economic history and the history of economic doctrine, he has the happy knack of placing his discussions in a historical perspective.

Mr. Soule, of course, takes account of the increased productivity per man hour in the United States, and after noting the fact that the industries increasing most rapidly are those producing goods for use in people's "leisure" or unpaid time, makes the significant point that one of the more important results of the advance of technology has been the sharp decrease in working hours. In fact, we can no longer speak of a leisure class but of the leisured masses. Increasingly, he finds, "workers will reward themselves with time rather than with extra goods, as technology piles up the possible profusion of goods by demanding less working time to make a given number of units." Thus the march of automation transmutes "technological unemployment" into "technological leisure." But what about the threat of another serious depression? Mr. Soule considers this an "eventuality that most economists regard as unlikely because of the increased knowledge of preventive measures and the apparent will to use them."

The problems that remain, according to the author, are the possible deleterious cultural effects of the division of labor and mass production that the machine technology is presumed to entail. Ever since the days of Adam Smith, the argument has been put forth that while the division of labor makes for greater production, it stunts and degrades the mental and social character of the workers. The answer, Mr. Soule says, lies in the fact that automation, unlike mechanization, tends to eliminate narrowing dull, routine operations and calls for the exercise of trained imagination and other creative faculties. The danger of increased vulgarization and commercialization of life may be lessened by the very growth of leisure time which undermines the domination of the market over cultural values. "As the United States has approached an adequate material base for a higher stage of civilization, the people, using market mechanisms themselves and without embracing socialism or any other named system, have emphasized a growing preference for non-market values." This they have done by reserving much of their unpaid time for non-commercial pursuits—hobbies, do-it-yourself activities, and especially the practice of the arts, intellectual pursuits, and cooperative or social activities. In fact, according to Mr. Soule, the development of technology with its "democratic leisure class," promises to bridge the gulf between the artist and the public.

IN THE first place, with the shortening of work hours, the creative person can take a paid job and have sufficient time and energy for his proper work. To be sure, the heavy costs of placing cultural products before the public is a barrier, because of the demands of mass production. But here, too, modern technology will make its contributions. For example, new printing devices already can produce neatly printed books in small numbers at negligible cost.

Thus, the machine promises to restrict business enterprise to its proper domain, that of effectively supplying the material foundations of existence at an ever decreasing cost in labor, and thereby permitting the masses to lead a life of gentlemanly leisure. In fact, it promises to revive the era when the "govern-

*JOSEPH DORFMAN, professor of economics at Columbia University, is the author of "Thorstein Veblen and His America" and "The Economic Mind in American Civilization."*

## Site

Out past the pier's splintered arm,
Beyond the alien sand of the beach
And the wanton gypsy dance of trash,
Past the point where the water curdles,
Then boils into foam among the rocks
Is the silence.
Here the sky is unbruised by clouds,
The drifting gulls seem pencilled in,
And the wind might be God breathing.
This is the cradle, the chapel, the grave.
This is the verge of peace.

EDWARD GRIMM



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing echelons of the new nation were largely recruited from the ranks of gentlemen," an era that came to an end when, according to Mr. Soule, the "vulgarity of American values" set in, during the time of Andrew Jackson.

Here, perhaps, Mr. Soule might have benefited from the perceptiveness of John Stuart Mill, whom he justly admires. Mill thought that the Jacksonian group was superior in statesmanship and political intelligence to its aristocratic contemporaries in England. But such minor controversial points in Mr. Soule's hopeful picture do not detract from the service which he has rendered in analyzing the effects of modern technology with its promise of a life of useful leisure for most if not all men.

# Triple Tom

*TOM BARBER.* By Forrest Reid. Pantheon Books. $5.

**By Jessamyn West**

TOM BARBER, Tom Sawyer, Tom Brown: in the matter of his name, the hero of Forrest Reid's trilogy of boyhood, "Tom Barber," wnich is laid in Ireland, is in the great tradition of books about boys. But his name is about all that Irish Tom has in common with English Tom or Missouri Tom. Tom Barber is more closely related to another breed of boy, to the heroes of "The Wanderer," and Henry Williamson's "The Pathway," and above all to young Forrest Reid himself as portrayed in his autobiography, "Apostate." "Tom Barber" may be called the prose rendition of "Apostate," and those who come to the trilogy after or because of "Apostate" may feel that they have exchanged superb Irish whiskey for cambric tea—and an overly generous cup of it, at that.

"Tom Barber" is the account in three volumes of a boy's life between approximately the ages of ten and fifteen: a boy who loves his mother, is uneasy with his father, sings, sleep-walks, talks with animals, calls up angels when he needs them, and recognizes his own kinship with the Blakes. "Like the Blakes . . . and like me," he says of the uncle he seeks. A boy *like* William Blake is one thing; a boy who knows he is like Blake is another. But one of Tom's virtues is his desire for self-knowledge; and one of Reid's virtues as a writer lies in his ability to make us fond of Tom in spite of this rather precocious identification with the great. Huck Finn, for instance, may be in some respects like Thoreau, but we never have to listen to Huck's musing on the fact.

Of Reid's virtues, E. M. Forster, who writes an introduction to the trilogy, has much to say. Two of his statements interested me particularly. The first of these is this: "I remember Virginia Woolf's giving him (Reid) a trial and turning him down." The second observation is a summation of Tom's development. Forster says: "At the end of the trilogy he (Tom) grapples with that most intangible of all things—Time—and makes it talk sense."

I BRING these two statements into juxtaposition, though they interested me separately, because one would think, offhand, that Virginia Woolf, who was herself so accomplished a grappler with time, would have been more drawn to one who was able "to make Time talk sense." I am sure there are other reasons than those having to do with Tom's treatment of time, which caused Virginia Woolf to "turn down" Reid. But the reason *here,* for her refusal, is to be found, I think, in the "sense" Tom made time talk. Virginia Woolf was interested in time itself. Tom Barber didn't give a hoot about time, except as he was able to utilize it. What Tom Barber was interested in was something as intangible as time, however, and that is the ideal faithful companion; and he made "Time talk sense" by revealing to him the boy in his aged Uncle Stephen. It is this search for "a pal," not time, which is the theme of "Tom Barber," and while such a search is certainly characteristic of youth, yet the search may become cloying if we feel, as Virginia Woolf may have, that Tom, like his creator (I quote Forster now) "was not interested in maturity."

Deverell, the swarthy young poacher who confronts Tom in the second volume of the trilogy, the same young animal of bodily grace and instinctual innocence who often appears in the novels of Forster, asks Tom this question: "You ever had a pal, Mr. Tom?" Tom's answer to this is: "I don't know what you mean by a pal." The young poacher puts an end to this stalling by saying: "I mean what you mean." And Tom knows that he does.

Tom's search for a pal leads him through a companionship with dogs, talking rats, Pascoe, the wine merchant's son who, if short on magic for Tom, charms the reader, to the supernatural Gamelyn conjured up by Tom's imagination. Gamelyn first appears looking "rather lovely" with "hair the color of bleached ears of wheat" and "trousers through which his skin showed." Gamelyn tells Tom that he is an angel and Tom mutters, "I imagined a boy." From this dream Tom awakens staring "straight into the long, narrow face of an inquisitive old goat."

The second volume concludes with the final appearance of Gamelyn, now a young man. He puts to rout a tigerlike cat which has been frightening Tom, and sitting beside him Tom feels "a happiness no words can deepen." Fearing, rightly as it proves, that he'll never see Gamelyn again, Tom could cry but refrains because it would be useless, "unless he could be given the comfort, find the comforter he longed for."

In volume three, "Uncle Stephen," Tom, having been unable to find "the comforter" in animals that talk, in Pascoe, the ordinary boy, or Gamelyn, the angel, hunts for and finds him in a human being, his Uncle Stephen, who becomes, when Tom "makes Time talk sense," Philip, the boy Stephen once was. Tom, by this time an orphan (he has shucked off his parents between volumes, with no apparent sorrow), goes to live with this Uncle Stephen, a mysterious recluse, who, beautiful and learned, inhabits a beautiful and stately home. In Uncle Stephen's bedroom Tom finds "something wonderful," "a broken lovely fig-

*JESSAMYN WEST is the author of "Cress Dellahanty" and "The Friendly Persuasion." Her latest book is "Love, Death, and the Ladies' Drill Team."*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ure," which made Tom "ready to drop on his knees."

"Who is he?" Tom asks his uncle.

His Uncle Stephen tells him: "Hermes, 'he who cares for boys' . . . and you can be his young ram."

Thus Tom Barber's search ends.

The book's strength comes from the universality of its theme, its grace from the simplicity and humor of the writing; though it must be admitted that when the theme is being treated directly, Reid is humorless. Virginia Woolf must, in addition to other reservations I have mentioned, have been put off "Tom Barber" by the book's long-windedness, by the monotony of its pace—she who valued relevance and was in her own writing incandescent. A partial cure for the impatience which the reader may feel for what Forster calls the book's "puerilities and longueurs" is to be found by beginning the reading with the second volume, "The Retreat," going from there to the third, "Uncle Stephen," and concluding with the first, "Young Tom." Since Reid wrote the last book first, there is some justification in this recommendation—if justification is needed for a suggestion which may help readers, who otherwise might miss the considerable pleasures of this fresh and honest book, to find them.

# Selected New Books

## Oriental Miscellany

ONE MAN'S INDIA. By Arthur Stratton. Norton. $4. The author adds an interesting background of cultural lore to a personal travelog to compose a picture of the Indian people and of various towns, palaces, and temples across India. There is considerable preoccupation with sex symbols and relationships, and little attention given to contemporary Indian aspirations and orientations; and, while conceding beauty to the Taj Mahal, Arthur Stratton didn't much like it. Still, he professes to portray no more than "One Man's India."

JINNAH, Creator of Pakistan. By Hector Bolitho. Macmillan. $3.75. A picture of the extraordinary man who led the Muslim League to victory in the fight for an independent Pakistan is here drawn with careful scholarship and much literary skill. Mohammed Ali Jinnah's life history from World War I onwards, and in particular his relations with Gandhi and Nehru, made up an integral part of the contemporary history of India and Pakistan. Jinnah was arrogantly intellectual, outwardly cold, and inwardly lonely—a fascinating personality. As a leader, it was his unbending integrity, indomitable will, and sense of history that made him great. The well-known British writer's sympathetic description of Jinnah in the setting of India's recent convulsive history is distinguished biography.

JAPANESE AND AMERICANS. By Robert S. Schwantes. Published for the Council on Foreign Relations by Harper. $4. Dr. Schwantes made extensive use of both English- and Japanese-language materials for his detailed "case study of Japanese-American cultural relations," which covers a full century. Concerned necessarily with positive factors of cultural exchange, the study suggests a closer relationship than if due account had also been taken of such negative factors as conflict of American and Japanese policies regarding China, 1915-45, and the animosities of World War II—and after. But this is only a qualification which, once recognized, leaves a valuable and definitive work. The author himself does not stumble into wishful-thinking. Noting for the Meiji period that American influence in the vital field of Japanese political institutions and ideology was "at best superficial," at the end he poses the central question of the post-World War II situation: "What is Japan's position to be in a world of power struggle?", and gives the challenging answer: "Americans have not yet fully faced up to this question." Some day soon, they must.

STILL THE RICE GROWS GREEN. By John C. Caldwell. Regnery. $3.75. This polemic on Formosa and the "guerrilla islands" it holds off China's shores, and on Korea, is a lineal descendant of the author's "Korea Story." Caldwell continues his belaboring of the State Department, condemns a host of American writers, journalists, and newspapers, and has harsh words for Marshall, Attlee, Nehru, et al. His theme's compass is set by "the liberation of Asia." But, "Of what earthly value is backward Thailand. . .? Or the Philippines. . .? Or the divided French and the trade-minded, co-existence-dazzled British? Can anyone expect wobbly Japan . . . to play an active role in keeping Asia free?" Not all is lost: "The future history of Asia may now depend upon an alliance of Free Korean[s] and Free Chinese, fighting together against a common enemy." Yet he betrays an inner yearning that in that fight there might come "a bona fide attack by the free world," that in the end the United States would follow the lead of Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek.

O. EDMUND CLUBB

## Art

YUGOSLAVIA. Medieval Frescoes. With an Introduction by Svetozar Radocic and a Preface by David Talbot Rice. New York Graphic Society. By arrangement with UNESCO. $15. A sumptuous publication of over thirty large colorplates, in the same format as the recent volumes on wall paintings in India, Egypt, and Australia. An important supplement to the coverage of this provincial but powerful Byzantine school is the recent Skira volume on Byzantine painting by Andre Grabar.

LEONARDO DA VINCI. By Ludwig Heydenreich. Two volumes. Macmillan. $20. One of the greatest living scholars of the Italian Renaissance here sets down his understanding of the most complex figure in the history of art. The text, written more than ten years ago, was published in German, but the edition was all but destroyed during the war. The present edition has been considerably revised and amplified. While the treatment of Leonardo's art is less profound than that of Kenneth Clark, to which the author pays high tribute, the book aims at a survey of all facets of Leonardo's genius, brought up to date in terms of modern knowledge. As such, it provides a fundamental contribution to learning.

SCULPTURE OF PRIMITIVE MAN. By Warner Muensterberger, in collaboration with Wendy L. Muensterberger. Abrams. $12.50. African Oceanic, northwest United State, and British Columbian art are surveyed in this beautifully illustrated volume, containing 136 large plates. Sculpture from Bali, Java, pre-Columbian Central America, and from Benin and Ife in Africa have been excluded because the cultures concerned cannot be termed primitive, or (in the instances of Benin and Ife) there is evidence of European influence. The introductory essay of thirty pages is too brief to lift this book from the category of fine picture albums.

S. LANE FAISON, JR.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Films

## Robert Hatch

TODD-AO is Cinemascope on a concave screen or Cinerama with one projector (no vertical cracks). I believe the film runs sideways and is oversize. Anyhow, the image is so very large that you want to be about a mile and a quarter away for the best effect. At "Oklahoma!" my seat was a good deal closer than that and I found myself examining the face of Shirley Jones feature by feature, the way you would pore over an aerial photograph of the Adirondacks. It seemed a pretty face and I was sorry it looked so often like a pink and white landscape.

"Oklahoma!" is *the* musical comedy of our day (unless you prefer "Guys and Dolls") and I would no more criticize it than I would poke fun at Florence Nightingale. The Hammerstein plot is distilled euphoria and the Rodgers score contains at least eight permanent additions to the whistling vocabulary of the nation. Fred Zimmermann has brought it to the screen with its stage virtues intact and with the addition of real fields of corn, crowds of spirited horses and picturesque cows, stimulating sky effects, and other incidentals possible to the movies.

But the screen is not the stage and two hours and twenty minutes of edible technicolor is too much. I was upset to discover that long stretches of "Oklahoma!" were insipid, that a number of the "great moments" felt forced. The Agnes de Mille dances are ably planned and ably executed but innocent of invention. The songs are capably sung by a handsome cast, notably Gordon MacRae, Gloria Grahame, Gene Nelson, Eddie Albert, Charlotte Greenwood, and Miss Jones as Laurie. But when you can't stop a show by applauding such bully work, the heart is gone out of musical comedy. No doubt the picture is a good record for those who never saw one of the stage productions, but I hope they cut it—both length and price—before it goes out on the road.

The movie offers one disconcerting false note in the person of Rod Steiger, playing the villainous Jud Fry. Mr. Steiger is a strong performer who is particularly effective in roles calling for the taint of paranoia. His Jud seems to have strayed from a Faulkner novel; much too dangerous for this fairy tale.

THERE has been considerable criticism of the filmed version of "The Desperate Hours" on the ground that any reasonable man whose home had been taken over by dangerous criminals would appeal to the police as soon as he was given the opportunity. I don't remember that this objection was raised in connection with the play and I don't think it is just. Dan Hilliard is allowed to go down town, but his wife and children are kept back in the house. In effect, they have been kidnapped and the whole technique of kidnapping, like that of blackmailing, is based on the normal victim's reluctance to go to the authorities.

What seems to me a little implausible in the movie is the behavior of the principal gangster, Glenn Griffin. Paul Newman played the character on the stage as a half-crazy juvenile killer. Anything he did was plausible in the context of his delinquent megalomania. But Humphrey Bogart's characterization is of a much older, more experienced, cruel but smart desperado. He must have seen that he could not possibly stay in the house for more than a few hours without being trapped there. And the suggestion that he was delaying in order to get a shot at the sheriff who once broke his jaw won't hold water unless you assume that Griffin is insane. Bogart acts mean, but not a bit addled.

However, melodramas need not be entirely watertight and I liked the movie better than the play precisely because it claims to be nothing more than a melodrama. The play was embarrassed by arguments about good and evil and the meaning of decency and courage which seemed vulgar in the thriller setting. These overtones centered upon the sufferings of Dan Hilliard, husband, father, and suburbanite. He is played in the picture by Fredric March, a more shallow actor than Karl Malden, who first created the role. For that reason, perhaps, the Joseph Hayes yarn is now a good rouser with very slight ethical pretensions.

DESPITE long affiliation with Mayfair and Leicester Square, Terence Rattigan has the heart of a bridesmaid. He believes in destined meetings, fatal attractions, and the world well lost for a pair of grey eyes. He also believes in such gamy characters as the disbarred brain specialist turned bookmaker's clerk. Or perhaps he believes in none of these things, but prizes their general negotiability.

For such reasons, in any case, the profundity of his new picture, "The Deep Blue Sea" (a Rank production; wide-screen in color) is no more than skin deep and it is possible to get thoroughly annoyed by the solemnity of its housemaid aphorisms—I assume that nowadays housemaids have a smattering of clinical psychiatry. But the picture is blessed by the presence of Vivian Leigh and Kenneth More, who make a brilliant performance of their mismating, even though the author has made a shallow play of it. More is that bright type who has been bluffing his way with marvelous comedy through a series of British farces. Here he plays an old Spitfire boy—a devil of a fellow, happy as the day is long, who likes pink gin and a trim ankle—who suddenly finds himself tragically involved in emotions too deep for him. More is an actor who thus far has shown a narrow range, but he plays that range with complete absorption and never a false note from his toes to his eyebrows. It is hard to take your eyes off him—except, of course, to watch Miss Leigh, who handles her present role with a thought and passion it scarcely deserves. There are scenes between the two that would seem real and terrible if only you could not hear the nonsense they are made to talk.

**Your Book Published!**

Our famous royalty plan launched 627 authors. We publish, advertise, distribute. Send manuscript for free report or write for Brochure B.

PAGEANT PRESS, 130 W. 42nd St., N. Y. 36



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Theater

## Harold Clurman

THE NEW season has begun well. Craftsmanship has been on an impressive plane and content unconventional. In the case of the French pantomimist, Marcel Marceau, who began a limited engagement at the Phoenix and carried on with it at the Barrymore, the craftsmanship is altogether exceptional and the entertainment value of a rare and exquisite quality.

I cannot, however, arrive at any complete estimate of Marceau's total contribution. Beside the craftsmanship displayed—and it is clear that Marceau's accomplishment in this regard is masterly—an artist must finally be judged by the whole weight of his work. By "weight," I mean the import, the human value, the significance in terms of living experience contained and conveyed in an artist's work.

What Marceau has chosen to show us here in New York seems to be only the lighter side of his repertoire. Lightness is in itself an inestimable attribute. Chaplin, to whom Marceau has been compared, is a great artist—but the lightness of Marceau's present program is often trifling. Many of the pieces are admirable exercises that may be studied with care by actors and dancers, and delightedly appreciated by theatergoers in general, but they have very little content beyond their brilliant execution. Some other pieces are pantomimic illustrations of cute observations, enjoyable for their graceful *bonhommie,* but without any substantial creative meaning. Only twice during the evening—in the abstract "Youth, Maturity, and Death" and in the number called "Bip and the Butterfly"—does Marceau transcend the dilettante diversion of his popular bill and enter the realm of poetic expression.

This leads me to believe that Marceau felt he ought to undertake his first American appearance with a showman's circumspection and wait for another occasion to reveal his more ambitious art. In the meantime, we can enjoy the small pleasures of his charming bric-a-brac as well as the picture postures of his partners Pierre Verry and Alvin Epstein, whose perfect miniatures seem to epitomize French art from the eighteenth century through to Daumier.

SALLY BENSON'S "The Young and Beautiful" (Longacre Theater) is a play based on short stories—more properly, a theme—by F. Scott Fitzgerald. It is a good theme and supplies the play's only serious claim to our attention. The play's central character is the daughter of wealthy, conventional parents in the Chicago of 1915. She is spoiled, well-housed, and basically unloved. She is imbued with a romantic imagination of a kind which might be labeled American movie baroque—a disposition caused by her incapacity to feel or to love. At the age of seventeen she is an emotional fossil.

This, I repeat, is interesting and pertinent material. But the play treats this material in a manner that is chiefly decorative cartoon, at best a study in manners. Even in this respect it is entirely superficial, the manners being reduced to a reproduction of dresses—some of them very pretty—furniture, and period gew-gaws.

The cast which acts the play—Lois Smith, Peter Brandon, Douglas Watson, James Olson—is ingratiating and talented, but the direction of the play—particularly in the case of Lois Smith—is so meticulously stylized that it emphasizes rather than tempers the sense of artificiality which is inherent in the script. Perhaps this is justified in view of the lack of real psychological texture in the writing. The director apparently chose to "sell" the play on the basis of its obviously attractive aspect, but for me this does not seem a rewarding approach: it makes the central personage a figurine rather than a character.

FRANCES GOODRICH and Albert Hackett have made a decent play from "The Diary of Anne Frank" (Cort Theater), and Garson Kanin, his associates, and cast have made it into an honorable production. I do not mean to qualify my praise of this offering by these adjectives, but to describe the qualities of modesty, wholesomeness, and dignity which characterize the play.

What "The Diary of Anne Frank" does is not to recount a harrowing episode in Nazi oppression, but to suggest the homely beauty of life among simple people under the most dismal conditions. The play is not deeply affecting or profound, but it is constantly sound and most sympathetically sobering. One watches it in the kind of gratifying relaxation one has in the company of honest and humane people who, whether they are glad or troubled, foolish or brave always remain entirely worthy and lovable.

GARSON KANIN has directed the play admirably, always keeping its line fluent in a manner which is never dull or undramatic. He has molded the excellent company—headed by a subdued and improved Joseph Schildkraut—into a fine ensemble. In Boris Aronson's consummate set, they keep the tone of the play warm without bathos.

Special mention must be accorded Susan Strasberg, who is not only particularly gifted, but gifted in a way which makes her something other than a child actress. Miss Strasberg is bursting with the potential of her imminent womanliness and acute sophistication. She already has a powerful voice and a manner of delivery which is not of her (teen) age. She possesses a dramatic sense which is not so much Anne Frank's as that of, let us (exaggeratedly) say, a Medea. To put it another way, she is still too young for the parts she is ideally capable of. Never has it been more suitably proclaimed: here is a *promising* actress.

SPACE does not permit me to expatiate on the special charm of Joyce Grenfell's evening at the Bijou Theater. Her manner is as affectionate, good humored, right as an English lawn, peopled with silly and yet somehow dear people whose absurdity one recognizes with a laughter which harbors no rancor. With slight external resources, Miss Grenfell manages a perfect technique in conformity with her gently intelligent and thoroughly engaging art.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Records

## B. H. Haggin

COLUMBIA has issued three more records of Albert Schweitzer's performances of Bach's organ music. ML-5040 has the great Toccata and Fugue in D minor and Prelude and Fugue in A minor (of which the fugue without the prelude was on the earlier ML-4600), and the less interesting Preludes and Fugues in C major, C minor, and E minor (the "little" E minor); ML-5041 has the great Prelude and Fugue in B minor and "Dorian" Fugue in D minor, whose toccata I find less impressive, with the fine Prelude and Fugue in F minor and the less interesting Prelude and Fugue in A major; ML-5042 has the great Passacaglia, the engaging Prelude and Fugue in G major, and six chorale-preludes which include the very beautiful *"Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier"* and a beautiful variation from *"Sei gegruesset, Jesu guetig."* In his relation to music Schweitzer is a dedicated, and therefore a moving, personality; but in his performance of it he is almost entirely without the professional performer's art—the legitimate art of pacing, articulating, and shaping that is required for the effective presentation to a listener's mind of even a toccata or fugue of Bach. His tempos are excessively slow, his performances, as a result, often stodgy; and the Fugues in D minor and A minor on 5040 and concluding fugue of the Passacaglia on 5042 provide outstanding examples of this; but as it happens the slow tempos work better in the pieces on 5041 and produce more effective performances. The contrapuntal texture is sometimes blurred a little by reverberation in the Gunsbach church.

Fine examples of the performer's art are to be heard in Anton Heiller's excellently paced and articulated performances of the Toccata and Fugue in D minor and Prelude and Fugue in A minor on Epic LC-3132. In addition Heiller plays the engaging Prelude and Fugue in D major, the impressive Alla-breve in D major, and the Prelude and Fugue in E major (also called the Toccata No. 3), which I find less interesting. The sound of the organ of the church in Thalwil, Switzerland, is very good; but again the contrapuntal texture is sometimes unclear from reverberation.

McIntosh 106, "An Adventure in High-Fidelity Organ Sound," is concerned, as its title indicates, with realistic reproduction of the sound of the Aeolian-Skinner organ in Calvary Methodist Church, Washington. This is impressively achieved; but reproduced also is the blurring of passage-work and counterpoint by reverberation, in the Fantasy of Bach's great Fantasy and Fugue in G minor—the fugue coming out clearer. The performance by William Watkins is a good one; and the record offers in addition Handel's Concerto Op. 4 No. 5, arranged for solo organ by Dupre, and pieces from the organ repertory by Campra, Langlais, Dupre, Brahms, and Whitlock.

Telefunken LGM-65030 offers Bach's Passacaglia, his "little" Prelude and Fugue in E minor, and his Fantasia in G major, played by Anton Nowakowski on the organ of the church in Soro, Denmark. The performances seem good; and I put it that way because they come off the record too blurred by reverberation too much of the time to provide satisfying experiences.

Nikita Magaloff's "Chopin Recital" on London LL-1189 comprises his performances of the Sonata Op. 58, the four Impromptus, and the Berceuse. These offer beautiful playing of the piano, and traditional treatment of the music—that is, playing with the rubato that at times is excessive and makes the music affected or sentimental. But even when it treats the music in this way the playing preserves a continuity of impetus and flow. The piano is reproduced very beautifully, but with some break-up of loud chords—e. g., in the march of the Impromptu Op. 36.

Four piano sonatas of Mozart—the fine K.332, K.282 with its astonishing Adagio first movement, and the uninteresting K.309 and K. Anh. 135—are on London LL-1212, played by Paolo Spagnolo with frequent disregard of Mozart's directions about loud and soft, but with


**KNOW ANY BRIGHT YOUNG STUDENTS?**

**TODAY, as our young men and women go back to school, we want to be certain that they are learning to think for themselves. These are times in which too many youngsters are being victimized by an ever-increasing trend towards orthodoxy. Many are even led to believe there is something not quite American about exercising traditional American liberties.**

**THE NATION, with its record of 90 years as America's leading liberal weekly, can provide the antidote to this dangerous situation—and show these future voters how to develop informed, liberal views on social and political affairs.**

**THEREFORE, we suggest that the ideal gift for that bright young man or woman going back to school is:**

**A SPECIAL STUDENT SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATION**

**At the Gift Rate of $3.90 for Nine Months**

**PLUS An Attractive Gift Card In Your Name**

**All you need to do is fill out the coupon below: we will take care of the rest. The gift card and the subscription will go out promptly and, if you wish, we will bill you later.**

GIFT DEPARTMENT
THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York City 14

Please send the following Special Student subscription for the next nine months at $3.90 and a gift card in my name to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ Z_____ STATE_____

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ Z_____ STATE_____

10-29-55




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unfailing good taste and excellent effect.

Concerning the performances of Mozart's Sonatas K.454 and 481 by Szigeti and Szell on Columbia ML-5005 I have the painful obligation to report what is painful to hear—Szigeti's pallid and quavering tone, which lacks not only all attractiveness to the ear but the tensile strength which used to make possible the dynamic and exciting inflection of phrase that is not to be heard in the present performances. And this feebleness is made worse by being exhibited in combination with piano-playing by Szell that is overpowering in its machine-tooled precision and almost oppressive energy.

# Letters

## Protest from Princeton

Dear Sirs: The undersigned, students and faculty members of Princeton University, want publicly to reject the standards of justice and the attitude toward humanity implicit in the recent Emmett Till incident in Mississippi.

Our outrage concerns not only the murder of a fourteen-year-old Negro boy. It is deeply disturbing to us as citizens of the United States to witness the resurgence of racism in its most virulent form, especially when it fouls the fundamental processes of justice.

The action conflicts with every tenet of the American heritage and will arouse decent people the world around. The unrepresentative fraction of our people who have participated in or will condone such action have presented a challenge to us both as human beings and as Americans. Such action is first of all amoral. Beyond that it endangers the standing of our country in the world community.

We vehemently reject a racial standard of justice and believe that a great number of our fellow Americans will support us.

We are committed to a faith in the capacity of men to rise above barbarity. In this spirit we place into public record our outrage over this act of our countrymen.

(Signed by a Group of Princeton Faculty and Students)

Princeton, N. J.

## Desegregation

Dear Sirs: I do not know if the press outside the South is reporting what is going on with reference to the desegregation of public schools. Some high officials of different Southern states have said that they aim to defeat desegregation by any method short of rebellion. One Texas legislator called upon the governor to convene a special session of the legislature to discuss pulling out of the union.

If one sends a letter of protest to the local papers, it is either not printed or it is garbled. In some cases the letters that are printed are answered by vilification and threats.

In the South the anti-Negro agitators assume that race relations is their private business and that no outsiders have the right to stick their noses in it. Before the Civil War many powerful people of the North of a reactionary state of mind aided the South and slavery, and it seems that there is a similar tendency at the present time.

D. W. KING

Dallas, Tex.

## Reviewer's Rebuttal

Dear Sirs: Because I share the admiration with which Professor Leon Edel's other writings are generally regarded, I am sorry to be compelled by his letter in the August 27 issue about my review of his book, "The Psychological Novel, 1900-1950," to make at least one of my objections to it more explicit.

First, however, let me defend myself against some of the charges of misrepresentation brought against me. I cited as Professor Edel's the view that the modern psychologica novel was "fundamentally a form of homely naturalism." In objecting to this phrase, he has chosen to stress the adjective and to omit the adverb. But when the qualification "fundamentally" is included, the remark is a fair reflection of Professor Edel's observations that the kind of fiction in question "begins as an attempt to click the mind's shutter," and that "the novelists begin as naturalists and realists—and end as symbolists!" He takes issue with my report that he regards Henry James as "the founder of the new technique," yet there are many expressions of this view in the book, for example: ". . . James was preparing the way for those who would follow and carry this technique [the point of view] to its logical conclusion: to record the action of the mind itself."

More seriously, Professor Edel has accused me of overlooking the chapter in which he distinguishes between the two critical terms, "stream of consciousness" and "internal monologue." But I did not mean, by referring to his "failure to differentiate" between the two, that an attempt had not been made. My impression that he had not succeeded in defining these terms was strengthened when I found him using them interchangeably (a practice he rightly objects to), and ignoring his own distinction by calling his general subject "the stream-of-consciousness novel." He gives four criteria for distinguishing "internal monologue" as follows: "The thought associations in this passage are rendered in a fairly logical progression; what we are given essentially is a chain of memory without intrusion of external stimuli and no representation of peripheral thought." Yet a few pages later he applies the term to a passage from Dujardin which is illogical, records present events, not memories, has many responses to external stimuli, and contains periphreal thoughts. It seemed plain that Professor Edel did not take his rather arbitrary criteria seriously.

I hope these remarks will make it clear that my review, whatever its deficiencies may have been, was concerned with the very book written by Professor Edel, and not with some other existing only in my imagination.

JACOB KORG

Seattle, Wash.

## Cinemages

Dear Sirs: Vernon Young's excellent appraisal in the September 17 issue of our publishing efforts, "Cinemages 1-5," did not mention the fact that we are a non-profit educational society, independent of outside sponsorship and relying solely on voluntary contributions and/or membership dues. For those of your readers who may feel inclined to support the work of The Group for Film Study, or participate in what Mr. Young calls "a round table of film criticism" (and they would be most welcome), it may be of interest to know that our address is 3951 Gouverneur Avenue, New York 63.

GIDEON BACHMANN
Executive Secretary

New York, N. Y.

## A Helpful Reader

Dear Sirs: I will be happy to send old copies of The Nation to anyone writing for them. Address me at 833 N. Hoyne Avenue, Chicago 22, Illinois.

HARRY J. KAPLAN

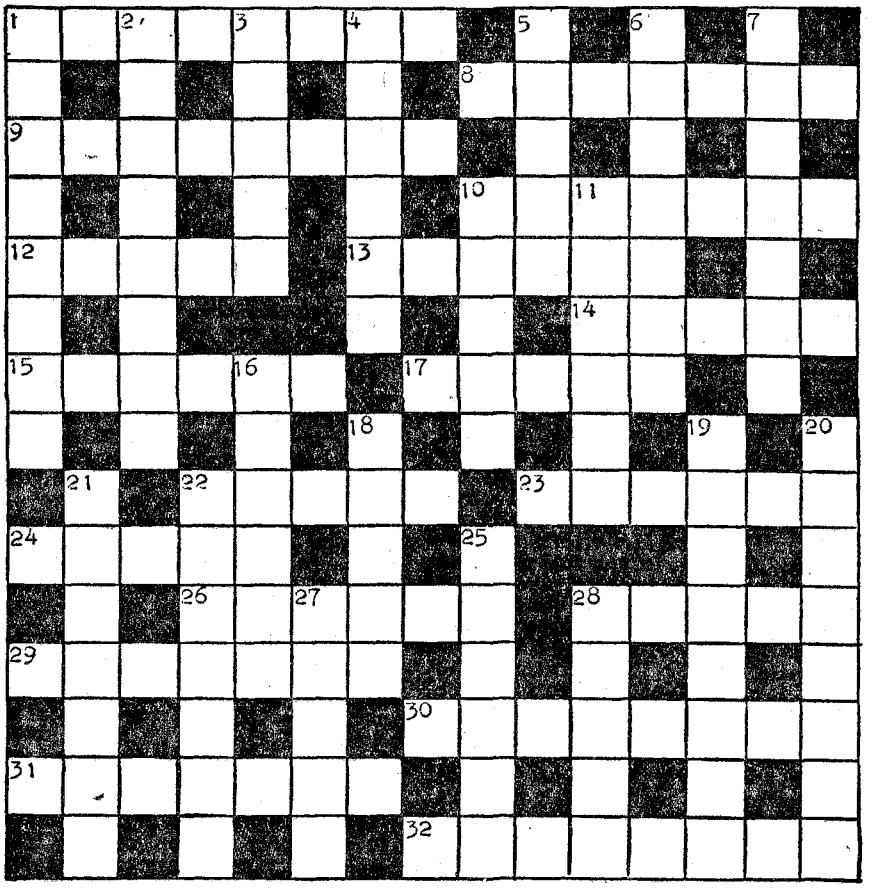
Chicago.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Crossword Puzzle No. 643

## BY FRANK W. LEWIS



### ACROSS

1 See 8 across.
8, 12, and 1 across and 14 Implying at least double boilers cause the throb. (3,4,5,5,3,5)
9 The way to beat a connection might be at arm's length. (4,4)
10 and 20 down Even if right, it isn't always fair. (7,8)
12 See 8 across.
13 Does it imply an inclination to take shelter? (4-2)
14 See 8 across.
15 Ah! To get knowledge about the place! (6)
17 See 31 across.
22 The last ray of hope, but it shows a way to get lost. (5)
23 Cuts back, but the end might be firm shortly. (6)
24 The value of a poet, not counting his words. (5)
26 Are her letters capable of showing what to do, if, in case, they don't agree? (6)
28 The sort of 10 that reputedly do not make a 25. (5)
29 If you want to 26 something, ask for them. (7)
30 Can a base be a city as well? (8)
31 and 17 Where strikes create more work for the operators? (7,5)
32 Dine poorly? It doesn't take much money, but it isn't nice. (8)

### DOWN

1 You probably won't look well in uniform at this time. (4,4)
2 and 18 Not necessarily equivalent to "going to the dogs". (3,2,3,5)
3 Droops. (5)
4 To manage things usually requires a certain graps. (6)
5 To recognize a symbol. (5)
6 Is a mother conservative in expressing love? (7)
7 In depressions, one gets away from the border thus. (7)
10 They don't make 25 when 28 across, necessarily. (5)
11 Under the most favorable circumstances. (2,4)
16 She is objectively inferior to an animal, preferably. (6)
18 See 2 down.
19 When someone taps you on the shoulder, and calls you "Sir?" (8)
20 See 10 across.
21 Did it give one a general impression of smoke 10 years ago? (7)
22 Rambles. (7)
25 28 across and 10 down don't always make it. (6)
27 He has the heart of a German, quite logically. (5)
28 Proving embarrassment is more than false. (5)

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 642

ACROSS: 1 EXHIBITS; 11 INHERITED; 12, 10 and 9 THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW; 13 LEANDER; 14 and 24 WINNER-TAKE-ALL; 15 WASHERS; 18 and 21 RIGHT OF SEARCH; 26 ARMBAND; 27 AUTOMATIC; 28 NIGER; 29 TUSSLE; 30 BYPASSES. DOWN: 1 ENACTS; 2 HAMMERING; 3 BUFFOON; 4 and 5 TRIGGER FINGER; 6 INROADS; 7 GATED; 8 RED CROSS; 16 EXCHANGES; 17 PROTACT; 19 TRAMMEL; 20 FALL TO; 21 STARCHY; 22 ARMENIA; 23 ADORES.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, New York


## PUBLICATIONS

GENE DEBS' 100TH BIRTHDAY IS NOV. 5. He lives again in Ray Ginger's wonderful biography, "The Bending Cross". Our birthday gift to you: A $5 first edition copy for only $1.00 postpaid. Wellington's, 346 Concord, Belmont, Mass.

BRITISH BOOKS—All Subjects. Fast service, low prices. Catalogs free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 22-N, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalog, literature, Free. New York Labor News Company, Dept. M, 61 Cliff Street New York 28, N. Y.

## LITERARY SERVICES

COMPLETE LITERARY SERVICES. Write for terms. No obligation. Daniel S. Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16.

## MEETINGS

*"The Nation"*
FORUM
NOVEMBER 9—H. H. Wilson
"The American Scene"
DECEMBER 14—Edgar Snow
"The Far East"
To Be Held At The Westchester Woman's Club
110 Crary Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
WEDNESDAY EVENINGS AT 8:30

HEAR... CARL BRADEN
The story of a man sentenced to prison for helping a Negro family in the South to obtain a house to live in.
Chairman: HARVEY O'CONNOR
Friday, November 11—8 P.M.
Curtis Hall, 410 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.
Admission — $1.00
Ausp: Emergency Civil Liberties Comm.

## RESORT

50 Miles to FOREST HOUSE
Near enough for easy travel, far enough for an unforgettable vacation. Forest House achieves new levels of gay relaxation in inspiring surroundings. Superb food, fine accommodations, cordial hospitality. Two grand lakes. All sports.
FOREST HOUSE
Lake Mahopac, N. Y. • Tel. Mahopac 8-3449

## PERSONALS

IMPORTED STAINLESS STEEL FLATWARE. 5 pc. place setting. Regularly $5.85—SPECIAL 50% OFF, $2.93. Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (13th & 14th Sts.), N.Y.C. GR 3-7819. 1 hour free parking or 2 tokens.

FOR ESCAPISTS ONLY . . . .
When the world is too much with you, you can create your own Ivory Tower with NODS — the wonderfully effective noise-banishing Ear Stops. Made of Goodyear Airfoam and wax, safe and so comfortable because they mold to fit your ear. Used by noise-sensitive connoisseurs since 1940 for sounder sleep, din-free reading and study. 3 pairs (4-month supply) $1.00 postpaid. NODS are guaranteed to please!
THE SLEEP LABORATORY
186 Fifth Ave. New York 10, N. Y.

*Advertising Rates*
CLASSIFIED
74c a line (6 words) Three-line minimum
•
CLASSIFIED DISPLAY
$7.42 per inch (minimum)
•
*The* NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, N.Y. CHelsea 2-8400




Printed in the U. S. A. by Southern Farmer, Inc., P. O. Box 509, Montgomery, Ala.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Where Will You Go in Florida?

## If You Want a Vacation You can Afford?

Florida needn't be expensive—not if you know just where to go for whatever you seek in Florida. And if there's any man who can give you the facts you want it's Norman Ford, founder of the world-famous Globe Trotters Club. (Yes, Florida is his home whenever he isn't traveling!)

His big book, **Norman Ford's Florida,** tells you, first of all, road by road, mile by mile, everything you'll find in Florida, whether you're on vacation, or looking over job, business, real estate, or retirement prospects.

Always, he names the hotels, motels, and restaurants where you can stop for the best accommodations and meals at the price you want to pay. For that longer vacation, if you let Norman Ford guide you, you'll find a real "paradise"—just the spot which has everything you want.

**Of course, there's much more to this big book.**

## If You Want a Job or a Home in Florida

Norman Ford tells you just where to head. His talks with hundreds of personnel managers, business men, real estate operators, state officials, etc., lets him pinpoint the towns you want to know about if you're going to Florida for a home, a job with a future, or a business of your own. If you've ever wanted to run a tourist court or own an orange grove, he tells you today's inside story of these popular investments.

## If You Want to Retire On a Small Income

Norman Ford tells you exactly where you can retire now on the money you've got, whether it's a little or a lot. (If you need a part-time or seasonal job to help out your income, he tells you where to pick up extra income.) Because Norman Ford always tells you where life in Florida is pleasantest on a small income, he can help you to take life easy now.

Yes, no matter what you seek in Florida—whether you want to retire, vacation, get a job, buy a home, or start a business, **Norman Ford's Florida** gives you the facts you need to find exactly what you want. Yet this big book with plenty of maps and well over 100,000 words sells for only $2—only a fraction of the money you'd [illegible] if you went to Florida blind.

Charles C. Sherrod Library
TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
Nashville, Tennessee

# STOP SAYING THAT TRAVEL IS TOO EXPENSIVE

## HOW TO TRAVEL WITHOUT BEING RICH

If you know ALL the ways of reaching foreign countries, you don't need fantastic sums of money in order to travel. You could spend $550-$1000 on a one-way luxury steamer ticket to Buenos Aires, or you can get there for $107 in fares via bus and rail through colorful Mexico, Panama, Colombia, Peru, the Andes, etc.

You could spend $5000 on a luxury cruise around the world or $600 via connecting steamers. You can island-hop around the West Indies via plane for several hundred dollars—or see the islands more leisurely by motor schooner for much less. There's hardly a place on earth you can't reach for less if you knew ALL the travel ways.

Norman Ford, founder of the Globe Trotters Club and America's top expert on low-cost travel, has gathered into one handy book dozens upon dozens of specific travel routings to all parts of the world—Mexico, South America, Europe, Africa and the Mediterranean, the Far East, Australia, the South Seas, etc.—so that you can see more at prices you can afford by combining freighter, liner, rail, bus, plane, and other competing services.

Over and over again he proves that you can travel now—that you don't have to wait for some far-off day when you've saved much more money.

$1.50 brings you his big guide **How to Travel Without Being Rich,** the one book in all the world that really tells you how to travel far on little money. Money back, of course, if not satisfied. For your copy, fill out coupon now.

Order any of these books before December 15, 1955 and receive a free copy of **Lands in the Sun,** a guide to where to stay a while—even retire—in Mexico, the West Indies, and other lands to the south where the dollar buys so much more.

## FREIGHTERS are the secret of low cost travel

Yes, for no more than you'd spend at a resort you can take a never-to-be-forgotten cruise to Rio and Buenos Aires. Or through the Canal to either New York of California. Or to the West Indies or along the St. Lawrence River to French Canada. In fact, trips to almost everywhere are within your means.

**And what accommodations you get: large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food and plenty of relaxation as you speed from port to port.**

Depending upon how fast you want to go, a round the world-cruise can be yours for as little as $250-$300 a month. And there are shorter trips. Fast, uncrowded voyages to England, France, the Mediterranean; two or three week vacations up and down the Pacific Coast or to New Orleans. Name the port and the chances are you can find it listed in "Travel Routes Around the World." This is the book that names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. Hundreds of thousands of travelers all over the world swear by it. Travel editors and travel writers say "To learn how to travel for as little as you'd spend at a resort get Travel Routes Around the World."

It's yours for just $1, and the big 130-page 1955 edition includes practically every passenger carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called How to See the World at Low Cost plus pages & pages of photos and maps.

A big $1 worth, especially as it can open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply fill out coupon.

# Air Travel Can Cost Less

Do you know you can fly down to the West Indies via a big DC-6 for only $40 or to the gay cities of Panama, with their nightclubs, and huge free port shopping bazaars, for only $55?

If you know where to look for them, there are lower cost air services—scheduled, lower cost airlines to the most exciting countries of South America or to Scandinavia, as well as dozens upon dozens of other seldom-advertised opportunities to travel far for less than most people think air travel must cost.

Norman Ford's big guide **Air Routes of the World** tells you where the world's airlines go, their reliability, the planes used, the combination fares they offer, which services cost less, etc.

Page after page reveals the hidden extras in your air ticket. (Do you know how to fly to Europe and then to the cities and countries you want to see, yet spend less than many do for steamer across the ocean and rail in Europe?)

There's just as revealing information on how to cut your travel costs practically anywhere else in the world. (Do you know which are the recommended airlines to South America if you want to save money on your fare? Which are the recommended airlines to the West Indies to see more, the best ways to reach Mexico? Do you know how to spend $300-$1250 less on a complete round the world air tour—how to take a long air tour of the world for only $82 a week?)

Do you know where to stay in cities you'll visit (which are the comfortable, lower cost hotels recommended by Americans who've been there), how to schedule every day of your trip—whether it's to Europe, the West Indies, Mexico, South America—and whether you'll be gone 10 days, a month, or longer? Do you know what to do about excess baggage to avoid heavy additional costs; how to save many dollars on pay-later plans; when and how to use excursion fares to cut your travel costs still more?

In all the world, not another book tells you how to get more out of air travel, how to cut your costs, and have a trip you might not think today you can afford.

Prove to yourself that air travel can open the world to you, no matter how short a vacation you have. Send now for **Air Routes of the World.** It costs only $1.50—which you can save many times over through just one hint.

Mail to **HARIAN PUBLICATIONS**
**47 First Ave., Greenlawn (Long Island), New York**

I have enclosed $_____ (Cash, check or money order). Please send me the books checked below. You will refund my money if I am not satisfied.

- ☐ Norman Ford's Florida $2
- ☐ Travel Routes Around the World—**the travelers directory to passenger carrying freighter.** $1
- ☐ How to Travel Without Being Rich. $1.50
- ☐ Air Routes of the World. $1.50
- ☐ **Special offer: all books above for $5**

Print Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

**All orders postmarked before December 15, 1955 receive a free copy of Lands in the Sun**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED